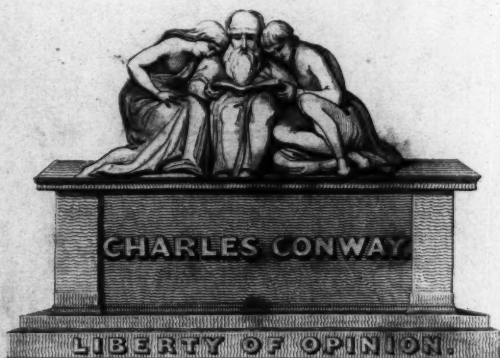
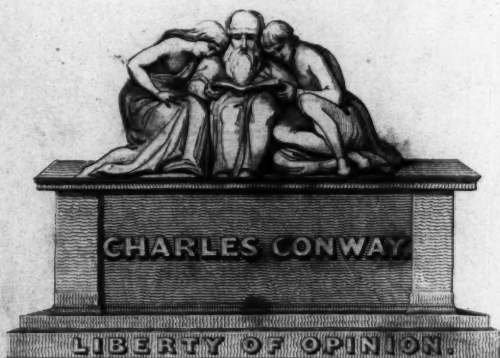


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This page presents Loves mighty power and
 how it will move to beauty's love

Whits Cabinet

O R, A COMPANION F O R

Young Men and Ladies : CONTAINING

- I. The whole Art of Wooing, and making Love ; with the best Complemental Letters , Elegant Epistles, Amorous Addresses, and Answers, in a most Pleasant and Ingenious Strain: With the Newest Songs, sung at Court and both Theatres.
- II. The School of *Bacchus* ; or, The whole Art of Drinking. taught by a New and most Learned Method.
- III. The Interpretation of all sorts of Dreams.
- IV. The Art of Chiromancy and Palmestry.
- V. The several sorts of Cosmeticks for clearing and beautifying the Face, and taking away all Freckles, Morpew, Tetters, and Ring-worms, and for preserving the Complexion ; together with the way of making all sorts of Perfumes and sweet waters.
- VI. The use of Metals and Precious Stones, and the way to Counterfeit them.
- VII. Several of the choicest Secrets of Art and Nature.
- VIII. General Rules for the Gentile Behaviour of Young Men and Ladies in all Company.
- IX. Several Sorts of News from divers Parts, very Jocose and Pleasant ; with Merry Riddles.

The Eighth Edition, much enlarged.

London, Printed for *D. Rhodes*, at the Star, the Corner of *Bride-lane*, in *Fleet-street*, 1698.



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T O T H E

R E A D E R S.

Young Gentlewomen; you, *their Adorers*, Young Men of all sorts and *sizes*, *there is nothing in this World* like Education and Accomplishment, *which* since all have not the advantage to obtain by Travel, it is requisite they should learn by Reading. True it is, *there have been several Books of this Nature; as Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, and Academies of Complements: But as those Fairs are the best, where there is most Substantial Variety, and most Fashionable; so are those Books to this, but meer Superannuated Long-Lane Old Habits. Here you have a Prospect of all that is new, and refined. For Complements draw from the Modern Stage: For Discourse, Subjects the most Elegant, and the Choicest Language; and for the Prolongation of Beauty, those ways and means which the most Modish and Industrious French have of late Years produced*

A 3

To the Readers, &c.

*duc'd: In short, the Female Sex from hence
may learn to be Accomplish'd in Gentility
and good Houfewisery ; Young Men in
Courtship, or Philosophy, which they please,
and as they best delight to render themselves
acceptable to all sorts of Company. Let
all then Buy and Read this Magazine, which
will never fail the Purchasers, as being de-
votedly intended for the General Good of
Youth's Commonwealth.*

T H E

T H E
I N T E R P R E T A T I O N
O F
D R E A M S.

TH E generality of Men give not much credit to Dreams; yet considering that many strange Accidents have been foretold by Dreams, many mischiefs have been prevented, many Wickednesses detected by Dreams, it may not be amiss to set down what Experience has observed concerning them. A Dream therefore is a Motion or Fiction of the Soul in a various form, signifying either Good or Evil to come. Dreams are also Speculative, agreeable to the Vision: As, when a Man dreams the Ship which he is, is perishing, and finds it true; or Allegorical, by one thing signifying another.

To dream a Man has a great Head, to a rich Man signifies dignity, to a poor Man Riches, to a Champion Victory, to an Usurer hopes of Money to a Servant long Servitude; to him that hath chosen Quiet, Pain and Anger.

To dream of long Hair, to Women, wife Men, Kings and Princes, signifies good.

The Interpretation of Dreams.

To dream of long harsh Hair, and out of order, betokeneth anger and heaviness.

To dream of being without Hair upon your Face, betokeneth shame.

He that dreams of the right-side of his Head shav'd, shall lose his male kindred.

For a Seamen to dream of his Head being poll'd, betokens Shipwrack.

To dream of a round and fleshy Fore-head, signifies liberty of Speech, strength and constancy.

To dream you have a Fore-head of Brasse, is good to all Vintners, and such as live by shameless gain; to others it betokens hate.

To dream of many Ears, signifies good to the Rich, if the Ears be well shaped; otherwise not. 'Tis ill to a Servant, or one that hath a Suit in Law.

To dream of losing his Ears, betokens very ill; of cleansing the Ear, betokens the approach of good news.

Graceful and hairy Brows, betoken good to Women; Naked Brows betoken ill success.

To dream of a sharp sight, generally good.

Of a troubled look, want of Money; of being blind with both Eyes, loss of Children, Father and Mother; but good to them that are in Prison, and very poor; bad for a Soldier, and all dealing Traders.

Of the loss of one Eye, bad to the half part of the former; of three or four Eyes good to him that determines to take a Wife; of having another man's Eye, loss of sight.

To dream of having a large Nose, good to all, of having no Nose ominous; and to a sick man, betokens death.

Of having two Noses, dissention and discord.

To dream of fat and full Cheeks, good to Women ; of Cheeks full of Wrinkles, betokens heaviness.

To dream of a long, thick, unhandsome Beard, is good for Oratours, Ambassadors, Lawyers, and Philosophers ; if a Widow dream she has a Beard, she shall have a kind Husband.

The same dream to Married Women, betokens burying their Husbands ; the Beard falling or cut off, signifies loss of Parents or Dishonour.

Loss of Teeth, signifies loss of Friends ; having no Teeth, signifies Liberty to Servants ; to Merchants good gain by their Merchandize ; to have Teeth of Wax, is suddain death.

Shoulders thick and fleshy, are good to all but such as are in Prison.

To dream of being wounded in the Stomach, to young Men and Women, betokens glad Tydings.

Hands fair and strong, denote Prosperity to Tradesmen. Gold Rings on the Fingers, signify dignity and good Fortune.

The Nails longer than ordinary, signify profit.

The Nails pull'd off, threaten misery and affliction.

To dream of a fat and big Belly, denotes increase of Family and Estate.

He that dreams his Secret Parts are grown bigger and stronger, will be renown'd, and beget Male Children ; if a Woman dream so, she will bring forth Daughters, and have the Reputation of a vertuous Woman.

If a Maid dreams her Thighs are broken, she will be married to a Stranger, and lead her life in a Foreign Country ; if she be a Wife, she will bury her Husband.

To dream you see a Womans white Thighs, signifies Health and Joy.

To dream the Thighs are grown bigger and stronger, signifies Plenty and Advancement; if a Woman dream so, she will have Comfort by her Children.

If a Woman dream she is able to run by the strength of her Knees, it denotes Obedience to her Husband, and care of her Family.

To dream your Feet are dirty, signifies Tribulation.

The upper Ribs broken, signifie dissention with a man's Wife, which will redound to his disgrace.

The lower Ribs broken, denotes affliction by Female Relations.

He that dreams his Ribs are grown larger and stronger than ordinary, will take delight in his Wife: If he dreams the same of his Lips, he shall have lovely Children.

He that dreams he is increased in Flesh, will gain Gold and Wealth.

If a Woman dreams her Skin is become black, like a *Moors*, she will be taken in Adultery.

To dream a man's Flesh is corroded by Lice, signifies plenty of Gold and Silver.

If a married man dream his Gall is broken, he will have some great content with his Wife.

To dream you see a Man naked, signifies Fear and Terror; of a Woman naked and clear'd Skinn'd, Honour and Joy.

For a man to dream he sees the Stature or Portraiture of a handsome naked Woman, signifies good luck and success.

If a man dreams he sees his Wife naked, it signifies deceit.

If a woman dreams she sees her Husband naked, it signifies success in her Enterprizes.

For a man to dream he sees his Mife, signifies danger by that woman's craft.

If a Woman dreams she lies stark-naked in her Husband's Arms, and there is no such thing, it presages ill News. But if the Husband have the same dream, it denotes Amity and profit.

For a Woman to dream her self in bed with a Moor, or deformed Person, foretells discontent and Sicknes.

For a Man to dream himself naked in bed with a handsom Woman, denotes Deceit.

For a man to dream he has a Crown of Gold upon his Head, signifies Favour with his Prince.

For a Woman to dream she is become leprous or meazled, presages that some Noble Person will bestow a good Estate upon her.

For a Man to dream he is drunk, is encrease of Estate, and recovery of Health; if he be drunk in his dream with Sack or Muscadell, he will be belov'd by some great Lord, and grow rich.

He that fancies himself hang'd or whipp'd by Sentence of the Law, shall be rich, honoured and respected.

He that dreams he has eat the Flesh of a Man hang'd shall be enrich'd by foul practices.

He that dreams himself dead, shall grow rich, and live long in the service of a Prince.

For a Man to dream he has won at Dice denotes that some Inheritance will fall to him by the death of his Relations.

For a man or maid to dream they stand before a Looking-glass, and see their true proportion, is good for those that would be married.

For a Man to see himself in a Glass, not such as he is, signifies he shall be a Cuckold.

To dream of little Rain and drops of Water, is good for Farmers.

To dream of being touch'd with Lightning, is a good Dream for those which would not have their

Sin

6 *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

Sin and Poverty hidden, to those that are unmarried, it signifies Marriage.

To dream of a burning Light in a House is affluence of Goods to the Poor, to unmarried Persons marriage, to the rich health.

To dream of a Lamp in a Ship, signifies great Joy and Tranquillity to Navigators.

To dream of Houshold-Dogs, signifies Farmes, Servants, and Possessions to come; little Ladies-Dogs signifie delight and pastime.

To dream of Mules, signifies sickness.

To dream of seeing a tame Lion, signifies good and profit,

For a Batcheler to dream of a Wild-Boar, denotes that his Wife will be a Scold.

To dream of Asps and Adders, signifies Money and Rich Wives.

To dream of seeing a Cock in a House, is good to those that would marry.

A Key seen in a dream by him that would marry, denotes a handsome Wife, or a good Maid.

For a Woman to dream of walking upon the Sea, desoluteness of Life.

For a sick man, to dream of Marrying a Maid is death.

To dream you see the Air cloudy, signifies expedition of business.

That you gather Apples, signifies vexation from some Person or other.

To see Arm'd men, is a good sign.

To dream you cut Bacon, signifies the Death of some Person.

That you bathe in a clear Fountain signifies Joy.

That you have a little Beard, signifies Suits and Controversies in Law.

That you catch Bees, profit and gain.

To see a Bed well furnish'd, signifies Joy.

That

The Interpretation of Dreams.

7

That you hear Bells ring, signifies disgrace and trouble.

To see a flight of Birds, signifies Suits in Law.

To see your deceased Brothers and Sisters, signifies long life.

That you shoot in a Bow, signifies Honour.

To dream you see Candles not lighted, signifies reward for something done.

That you hear the Cock crow, signifies prosperity.

To see dead Coals, signifies expedition of business.

To see a comely Countenance unlike your own signifies Honour.

To dream you see your self with the Devil, signifies gain.

That you see an Eagle fly over your Head, signifies Honour.

That you see a black Face, signifies long life.

That you gather Flowers, signifies mirth and jollity.

That you kiss a Person deceased, signifies long life.

To dream you carry a Maid, signifies Joy.

To do the Act of Marriage, signifies danger.

For a Man to dream that he lies with his Mother, signifies certainty in-dispatch of Business.

To dream you take hold of one's Nose, signifies Fornication.

To dream of seeing your Picture drawn, signifies long life.

To dream of seeing Rain, signifies great Riches.

When a Man dreams in the Night that he holds a burning Light or Torch in his Hand, it is a good sign, chiefly to those that are young, signifying that they should enjoy their Loves, accomplish their Designs, overcome their Enemies, and gain Honour and good will from all Persons.

If.

If a man dreams he sees the **Cabinet** on Fire, which belongs to the **Mistress** of the House, it denotes **Death** to her.

If a **Woman** dreams that she kindles the Fire, it is a **Sign** that she is with Child, and will be safely delivered of a **Man-Child**.

To see a **Stack of Corn** burnt down, signifies **Famine** and **Mortality**.

For a **Sick Person** to dream he sees a **River** or **Fountain** of clear running **Water**, presages his recovery.

If a **Young Man** dreams he draws **Water** out of a clear **Well**, it signifies he will be speedily married to a fair maid that will bring him a **Portion**.

For a man to dream he has a **Glass** full of **Water** given him, signifies speedy **Marriage**, and that he will have **Children** by his **Wife**.

To dream of inclosed **Lands**, with **Fountains**, **Fields**, pleasant **Groves**, and **Orchards** adjoining, it denotes that he shall marry a discreet, chaste and beautiful **Wife**, and that she shall bear him handsome **Children**.

To dream of seeing a **Barn** well stored, signifies marriage of a rich **Wife**, or the overthrow of **Adversaries** in **Law**.

If a **Woman** dreams of being delivered of a **Child**, yet is not big with Child, it is a sign she shall at length be happily brought to bed.

If a **Maid** dream the same dream, it signifies **Banqueting**, **Joy**, and succeeding **Nuptials**.

If a **Man** dreams he sees a **Woman** brought to bed, it betokens to him **Joy** and **Prosperity**.

If a **Man** dreams his **Wife** is big with Child, and that it really proves so, it is a sign the Child will live, and shall resemble the **Father**.

For **Women** to dream of **Carcanets**, **Chains**, **Pearls**, **Precious Stones**, and all **Adornings** of the **Head**

Head, to Widows and Maids, they signifie marriage; to those that have no Children, that they shall have them; and to those that have Husbands and Children, they betoken Purchasers and Riches.

For men or women to dream of Combing themselves, is good to both, and signifies delivery from ill times or bad affairs.

To be before a Looking Glass, and to see themselves, according to their true dimensions, is good for him or her that would be married; to those that are married, it betokeneth Children.

For a man to see himself in a Glass, not such as he is, signifies he shall be made the Father of Bastards, or other mens Children.

To dream of little Rain, and drops of Water, is good for Plough-men.

To dream of being touched with Lightning, to the unmarried signifies marriage; but it breaks marriages made, and makes Friends Enemies.

A burning Light in a House, clear and clean, is affluence of Goods to the Poor, to unmarried Persons marriage, to the Sick health.

To dream of having, or seeing the Forehead of a Lion, betokens the getting of a male Child.

To dream of roasted Swines-Flesh, signifies speedy profit.

To dream of drinking sweet Wine, betokens good success in Law.

If any one dreams he sees himself wrapped in Cloths in fashion of little Children, and so sucks some Womans Dugg which he knoweth, it argueth long Sickness, if he hath not his Wife with Child, for then he shall have a Son born like himself. And if his Wife hath such a dream, she shall have a Daughter. But if any one being in Prison hath such a dream, the Devil shall stir up such accusations against him, that he shall not be delivered; and

and it is not without reason to judge the like in Sicknes; but to seem in a dream to have Milk in her duggs, to a young Woman it signifieth she shall conceive, and her fruit shall come to perfection; to an Old Woman, being poor, it signifieth Riches, being rich Expende and Liberality: to a Maid, that her Marriage is near; for without the company of a Man, she can have no Milk; but if she be a pretty maid, and hath been long unmarried it signifyeth her death; for all things coming beyond the accustomed age are evil, some few excepted: to a poor man it is abundance of Money and possessions, if he can nourish others. Moreover, I have known by experience, that this dream foretold one that was not Married, a Wife; and one that had no Children, it foretold Children. But to a Champion and Artificer, and all such as in their estate, travel and move the Body, it signifieth Sicknes. Also I know one, having a Wife and Children, who had this dream, and lost his Wife by death, and always after, himself nourished his Children, exercising towards them the duty of a Father and Mother together.

To dream your Head is turn'd, so that it looks backwards, forewarns one not to go out of his Country, and to enterprize no Affairs least the issue be bad. It also shews, that they which are in a far Country shall return home.

To dream you have Ox-Horns, or any other such like violent Beast, foretels violent Death, and chiefly beheading, it being incident to horned Beasts.

To dream the Knees are strong and sturdy, signifies Journeys, or other motions and Operations of Health; but being weak and Diseased, the contrary. A Tree or Branch coming out of the Knee, signifieth slowness and hindrance; to a sick Man often-

often-times Death. The Knees signifie the Brethren and familiar Friends, and sometimes Children.

To dream of running, is good to all, except sick Persons, when they dream they come well to the end of their Race; for it signifieth that shortly they shall come to the end of their life.

If any dreams he is deposed out of his Place, Estate and Dignity, it is ill to all, and killeth such as are sick.

To dream that you are anointed and painted, is good to all Women, except wicked; for Men it is ill, signifying shame, except to those which are accustomed to use them, as Chirurgeons, Painters, &c.

To dream of shifting a Shirt or Smock, or that the Cloths are fallen from the Bed, doth signifie hard lodging, and much shifting in other Countries.

To dream of Cow-dung, Horse-dung, and all other (except Man's) is good only to a Plowman; to others it is heaviness and hurt.

To dream of gentle Winds, is good; violent Winds are wicked and evil People; troublesome Tempests of Winds, are perils and troubles.

For Physicians, Painters, and those which sell, and Trade with Eggs, to dream of them is good: To others it is good to have little Store of them, and signifieth gain; but plenty of them, is care, pain, noise, or Law-Suits.

To dream of Monsters and Impossibilities, according to the course of Nature, signifies your hopes will be frustrate.

To dream to eat Books, is good to School-masters, and all that make profit by them, and which are studious for Eloquence; to others it is sudden death.

Infallible

Infalible Observations in *Chiromancy*, or *Palmestry*.

Signs of Riches and Good Fortune.

THE letter *A* in the Root of the Fore-finger, promises much Riches to him that is poor.

G in the mount of the Hand, shews that the Person shall be made Rich by the Favour of Great Personages and Princes.

The Vital-line putting forth Branches towards the Supreme Angle, signifies Riches with Honour.

The Table-line strait, and very small in the end toward the fore-finger, signifies Rule, and abundance of Wealth.

The Sister-line, to the line of Life, continued in the mount of the Thumb. with a Triangle toward the Palm of the Hand, well-coloured and proportioned, extending to the Wrist, denotes Riches through the whole course of a Man's life.

Small Lines well coloured, proceeding from the root of the fore-finger, pointing toward the supreme, promise encrease of Riches.

Lines right and strait, stretching themselves from the root or out-side of the Hand, in the mount or brawn of the Hand, of good colour and form, portend a continuance of good Fortune.

A Star upon the out-side of the fore-finger, shews a Man to be Luxurious, but yet that he shall come to Riches and Honour by means of Women.

A Character like a Shield or Triangle, or of a particular form upon the mount of the Sun, betokens an honest Life, perpetual and double Riches.

The letter *B* in the mount of *Jupiter*, betokens great Wealth and good Fortune.

A Cha

A Character like a Star in or near the Vital-line toward the Wrist, promises Wealth in old Age.

A Star, or Stars, cutting the Vital-line, or appearing in the beginning of the line of life, especially if two Stars appear, are Signs of great Wealth and Honour.

Many lines from the root of the Thumb, between the Thumb and the line of Life, pointing toward the Ring-finger, forbodes great Wealth.

A Cross under the Natural line, signifies the getting of great Riches, but with much Labour and Pain.

Perspicuous Rings like Warts, or little bits of Flesh upon the line of Life, denote riches.

A line pointing from the Table-line, between the fore and middle-finger, denotes the Person to be favoured by fortune; yet that the Person, through dissimulation and flattery, makes use but of one only Person, as to the Advancement of his Fortune.

The Table-line ending between the fore and middle-finger, promises sufficiency of all Necessaries relating to human being in this Life.

A line falling between the middle and Ring finger, touching the roots, and joining to another on the mount of the middle-finger; this line pointing to the middle finger, denotes much future Happiness; and the same, if it point to the mount of Jupiter.

A line well coloured and thick, beginning between the root of the little and ring-finger, and from thence descending and pointing toward the Table, declares an excellent Estate of Fortune.

The line of the Sun, extending with a Trine proportion to the Root of the ring-finger, signifies Riches, especially if the mount of the finger be well formed.

Line

Lines like Crosses in the first Joint of the Thumb assuredly signifie Riches.

Little lines well-coloured, passing from the root of the Fore-finger, over the mount of the middle-finger, portend auspicious Fortune.

A line or lines under the root of the middle finger, transverse, without being cut by any other lines, denotes a surplussage of good luck.

The line of *Saturn* running from the Wrist, and continued without Intersection, and well coloured argues great Felicity.

The Letter *D* in the Field of *Mars*, signifies great Prosperity.

The line of *Saturn*, making a Trin proportion from the Wrist, extending it self strait to the root of the ring-finger, by the side of the little finger, denotes Prosperity.

Lines going from the Natural-line to the Table-line, making a Triangle with the Table-line, denote Goods and Riches to be given to the Person.

The natural-line extending it self over the percussion of the Hand circular, promises indifferent Riches, while young, but want in Old Age, without great foresight and Caution.

A Right-line, well coloured, from the beginning of the natural-line, and ending at the root of the fore-finger, promises certain Riches, chiefly to Youth.

The same line extended to the Root of the middle-finger, signifies Prosperity in the second Age.

The same line extended to the little-finger promises Riches in the last Age.

Four lines equally distant in the side of the mount of the Thumb, toward the Arm or Wrist, and extending themselves toward the most Eminent

Parts of the mount, promise Wealth and Honour in the first Age.

A Star or Triangle in the Wrist, well formed and disposed promises Riches in old Age.

Four lines in the Wrist, cross the Arm, the two uppermost next the Hand, being larger than the lowermost, the lowermost next the Arm being fine and small, promises great plenty to the middle Age; but then you must expect a diminution of Wealth and Strength.

If the two Inferiour lines be large and well formed, and the two Superiour slender and fine, they signify Eighty Years of Age, and that the first part of the Person's Age shall be mean; but after that, he shall have encrease of Wealth.

A Triangle or Spherical Figure in the mount of the fore-finger, well formed and conditioned, promises the Person, though never so poor in his Youth, store and plenty afterwards to the end of his Life.

The Table-line full of Branches, and those Branches tending toward the superior Part of the Hand, promises great abundance of all things.

The Table-line forked in the ends, intimates the Person shall undergo a laborious Life till twenty years of Age; but after that, his Fortune shall greatly mend.

Branches passing from the line of Life, thwarting the Triangle, and also cutting the natural-line, shew, that after Adversity, Prosperity shall follow.

Crosses in the mount of the Hand, signifies the Acquisition of Riches with great labour.

All marks upon the mount of *Jupiter*, or the root of the fore-finger (except those like Ladders or Grid-Irons, denote Ecclesiastical Preferment,

Two lines cross the mount of *Mercury*, declare the Person Fortunate.

Two lines deep and strait, crossing the first Joint of the Ring-finger, denote a great Fortune in Wives.

A line from the root of the Little-finger to the second or third joint, of good and equal proportion, with the mount well proportioned, promises Preferment, and Magistracy to the Person.

The mount of the Thumb being full of fine Clefs, signifies good Fortune in Cattle.

A strait deep line from the Table-line, tending to the root of the Middle-finger, or very near it, denotes great Labour and Care in the management of his Affairs, and that he shall prosper by his Sedulity.

The mount of the Middle-finger being smooth without lines, and well coloured, betokens a quiet and peaceable Life.

The Table of the hand smooth, without wrinkles, or ill proportioned lines, denotes the same.

The uppermost Angle conjoined, directly opposite to the middle of the fore-finger, denotes Felicity, and an unblameable Life.

A line or lines strait, fine and well coloured, tending from the Table-line to the root of the little-finger, signifies Vertuous Resolutions in a Man; and in a Woman, Virginity and Chastity.

Signs of Poverty and Misfortunes.

A mark like a ladder, in the mount of the fore-finger, signifies a poor Man.

The Vital-line short, sending forth Branches low, denotes Poverty with ill Fortune.

The Mensal-line sending forth hairy Branches toward the Table, denote Loss and Misery.

The Natural touching the Table-line in a circular manner, portends great Losses and Misfortunes.

Th

The table-line naked without Branches, and touching the Root of the Fore-finger, prognosticates Poverty.

A Semi-circle gross in the bottom of the Ring-finger, discovers an unhappy Man, of an ill Mind and Resolution.

Many little lines in the mount of the middle-finger, and more than in any other place, denote a Person always under the burden of continual toil and vexation.

A Triangle in the first joint of the middle finger, signifies continual losses and misfortunes.

The letter *E* in the Triangle of *Mars*, notes adversities, and sufferance of ill fortune.

Branches in the end of the Vital-line, bending toward the wrist, threaten poverty and misfortune.

Four or five lines cutting the Table line against the mount of the middle-finger, denotes favour and trouble.

More lines in the mount of *Saturn* than elsewhere, threaten the same.

The *Via Lactea*, being a line extended from the Wrist to the Root of the little-finger, marked and cut with cross lines, prognosticates damage and misfortune by Women.

The mount of *Venus* swelling, soft and tender, and cross'd with many lines, Checquer like, portends the same.

The mount of *Saturn*, depressed and pale, betokens Imprisonment.

A dent in the middle of the Natural-line, denotes a Thief.

Right-lines between the first and second joint of the fore-finger, look how many lines there are, so many wounds the Person shall have upon the Head.

The

The Table-line joined to the middle Natural line, nor the Supreme Angle, making an Angle therewith, threatens so much misfortune to the Person, that he may wish he had never been born.

Two lines between the first and second joint of the Thumb, shew the Person to be given to play, and that he shall receive much injury thereby.

The Finger of *Saturn* fuller of lines than others signifies great weakness and Imperfections in the Nerves, and an inclination to the Palsie.

The line of Life extending to the Wrist, continued, and of equal breadth, decently broad, deep, and equal, well coloured, denotes a long life.

If the middle Natural-line be of a good and equal breadth and depth, well articulated, extended to the top of the mount of the *Moon*, and not beyond, it promiseth long Life.

The Liver-line extending to the middle of the Natural-line, deep, large, continued, and well coloured, it denotes a good liver, and consequently long life.

The line of *Saturn* strait, not intersected, and joined to the middle Natural-line, against the Finger of *Saturn*, or extending it self near thereto, and the Triangle it makes, keeping its due proportion, presages a long life.

The Table of the Hand constituted with equal space, declares a good Complexion, and long life.

The Table-line continued sufficiently long, deep, broad and strait, signifies a Nature sound, of good Digestion, good Dispositions of the Vitals, and consequently long life.

The space of the Wrist clear and well coloured, signifies the same.

The Sister of the line of Life, arising from the Supreme Angle, passing by the mount of the Thumb, and extending near so far as the Wrist of the

the Hand or thereabouts, portend long Life and
Luxury.

A Star without-side the fore-finger, discovers a
man to be Luxurious; yet that he shall have good
Fortune by Women.

The Letter C on the mount of *Jupiter*, promi-
seth long Life, and Riches by Women.

Two Lines deep and strait on the first Joint of
the Ring-finger, most certainly promise much
Wealth by Wives.

Four Lines going over the Wrist, transverse and
strait, signify Wealth and Honour by the death of
others.

A Triangle or two near the Wrist, with Stars &
Lines, which make a sharp Angle, signifies a long
Life, and large Possessions by the death of others.

Two lines from the first Joint of the Thumb,
toward the Line of Life, promise great Inheritance
by Succession from the Dead.

Lines extending themselves from the root of the
Thumb, over the mount thereof, so many as
there are in the Hand of a Man, so many Wives,
or Misses shall he have. And in a Woman, so ma-
ny Husbands or Lovers shall she have.

If these Lines be fair and strait extended, so
many Wives or Husbands the Party shall be mar-
ried to. But if one Line be bigger than the rest,
than the Man shall have one Wife, or the Woman
one Husband. greater in Dignity or Riches than
the rest.

As many Lines as cut the first Joint of the Ring-
finger, so many Husbands or Wives shall the
Party have.

Certain little Lines cutting the Lines of Life, be-
ing well coloured, as many as there be, so many
sons they promise; either in the Hand of Man or
Woman.

A neat equal Line crossing the Table-line, from the Natural, towards the little-Finger, denotes Virginity and Chastity, and the bigger and more equal the Line is, the bigger signification it has.

The Palm of the Hand long and broad, is a sign of easie delivery.

The Triangle stait and well disposed in a Woman, Prognosticates the same.

A Triangle in the Mount of *Jupiter*, denotes Wisdom and Fidelity.

The Letter C on the mount of *Venus*, denotes a Person faithful and true.

The Table-line making an Angle with the Natural-line, signifies shortness of Life.

The shortness of the Vital-line, manifests a short Life, unless there be a good appearance of the Sitter of the Line of Life, or any other Significant.

The Liver-line not observing a Trine proportion and being intersected with many small Lines, denotes shortness of Life.

A Line cross and crooked, from the root of the little-Finger to the Table-line, denotes a Person of light Behaviour.

Lines Chequer-wise, near the Wrist of the right or left Hand, denote a Woman Superlatively Lustful.

The Table-line forked at the end, toward the fore-Finger, in a Woman, is a very ill Sign of Lewdness.

The Natural-line forked at the end, toward the Liver-line, denotes a light Person.

The Sister of the Vital-line, upon the mount of the Thumb, long and reddish; is the signal of one that is wanton.

If you would judge of the Virginity of any Person by the Hand, look in her Hand while she is fasting, and if the Lines be graceful, small and

pale

pale, she is a Virgin, but if broad, ruddy, and broken, infallibly she is corrupted.

Of Moles.

Moles in the right side of the fore-Head are signs of great Possessions, and much encrease of the Goods of Fortune. In the fore-Head of a Woman, so they be still on the right side, they denote future preferment. But on the left side they signify the contrary, both to Men and Women.

Moles black or dark, on the right Ear of Men or Women, portend Honour and Renown, Possessions Inheritance, and Riches; but if the said Moles appear on the left Part, they have the unhappy signification of hatred, contempt, trouble, labour, and misfortune.

If a Mole appear between the Eye-brows and the edge of the Eye-led, there will another appear between the Navil and the Secrets. Men thus marked, are much given to Women, beyond the bounds of Honesty; enclined to Ravishment, and the height of debauchery, to marry many Wives, or cover many; so that these Moles denote much unhappiness to Men, in reference to Women. They also betoken much unhappiness to the Female Sex; insomuch, that *Helen of Greece* is said to have had these Moles; whose unfortunate Fortune spilt the Blood of two Nations like Water; and all Antiquity agrees, that Women thus marked can hardly prove faithful and true to their Husbands.

If a Conspicuous shining or red Mole, appear on the Nose of Man or Woman, another may be found in the most Secret Parts. Many times a Mole on the Nose, betrays another upon the Ribs. And they who are thus marked, whether Men or Woman, are generally superlatively Luxurious. They who have such Moles on the left side of the Nose, shall wander from place to place in an unsettled Condition.

A Man that has a Mole on his Lip, has another on his Testicles, and a Woman upon the Lips of her Womb. They that have these Moles, are great Doaters or Gluttons, and never fail of a good Stomach. But the Mole of the Lip, has another more **Eminent** signification; for proceeding, from Melancholy, which may be known by the brownness or blackness of the Colour; Men so marked will be famous Orators, Eloquent Preachers, and famous Actors. Or if other things concur to an ill signification, the Men are Loquacious, Praters, and Medlers with other Men's business. In short, Men and Women that have Moles on their Lips, infinitely abound in their Tongue, and delight much in multitudes of Words.

Marks in the Teeth, sometimes white, as proceeding from Flegm; sometimes black, as proceeding from Melancholy, presage the Person Rich, Powerful, and of great Reputation in the World.

A Man or Woman that has a Mole on the Chin has another answering to it under the Breast, near the Region of the Heart; which Mole signifies Riches in Gold and Silver.

Moles upon the Neck and Throat, have not only a signification of Riches, Wealth, and good Fortune but of Health and a strong Constitution.

For a Mole on the Neck or Gullet, commonly signifies one near the Stomach, which demonstrates strength of Natural Heat.

Moles upon the Armes and Shoulders, if they be on the right side, portend Wisdom and Prudence. On the left, they signify Proness to debate and contention. But Moles near the Armpits and the Region of the Breast, indicate Beauty, Riches, good Name, Benevolence, and Respect.

Moles on the Hands and Feet, indicate moles upon the *Scrotum* or *Cod*, and signifie in man or woman, fruitfulness and strength of Nature, as to Procreation.

Moles on the Thighs or Loins of men or women, are signs of Want and Infelicity; especially being found on the left side of the Body, or the left side of the Thigh; and let such take heed of Venereal Misfortunes.

A Mole on the upper part of the Breast, on either side, especially the left, renders a man obnoxious to Poverty.

A Mole on the left side of the Heart, denotes wicked and ungracious Qualities; for Persons thus marked are rash, hasty, and headlong in their Actions.

A Mole or Moles on the Belly of man or women, denotes them Ravenous and great Eaters.

Moles either upon or about the Knees, signifie to a man Riches by marriage; to a woman, if it be upon her Right Knee, it is a modest sign of Honour, Honesty and Vertue; if upon the left Knee, it is a sign of being fruitful in Children.

Moles on the Ankles or Feet, are held to signifie Modesty, and something of Effeminacy in Man, but Virility and Courage in Women.

Various Sorts of Cosmeticks.

And first of Fucus to paint the Face.

BEfore any *Fucus* ought to be laid on, it is a general Rule, that the Skin must be cleaned exactly with warm Water, and sweet scented Balls. After that it must be rubbed again with a Cloth, and washed a second time with Water, in which Wheat Bran hath been boyled; by which means the Skin will be fully prepared.

Or else take *Sublimate*, one Ounce; Glair of Eggs; boyl them in a Glass Vessel till they grow thick, and then press out a Water to wash the Face.

To make the best Fucus that ever was known.

Take *Venetian Talke*, cleave it into slices, digest it in the Heat of the Sun, or of Horse dung for a month, with Distilled Vinegar, made of Spanish Wine, adding every day new Distilled Vinegar to the former, till the Vinegar be Mucilaginous; which then Distill by a Luted Retort and Receiver; with a naked Fire: First comes forth the Vinegar, then a white Oyl, which you must separate. First wash with the Vinegar, and then anoint with the Oyl. If the Face be well cleansed, as is Directed, one anointing will hold for a month, without fading.

A Fucus not easie to be discovered.

Take Grains of *Paradise Cubebs*, Cloves, and Raspings of *Brazile*, and infuse them in rectified Spirit of Wine for ten days, over a gentle heat; then separate the Spirit. This gives a fresh, red, and lively Colour, which will last long.

A Spa-

A Spanish Wool.

Boil shearings of Scarlet, in a Water of quick Lime, half an Hour; of which take two pound; to which put *Brazile Rasp'd* two Ounces, *Roch-Allom* *Verdigrease*, *Ana*, one Ounce, *Gum-Arabick* two Drams; boil all these for half an Hour, keep it for your use, to dip your Wool in.

Otherwise, Take Spirit of Wine one pint, *Cochenele* half an Ounce, *Rasp'd Brazile* one Ounce, *Gum-Ammoniack* three Drams, mix and digest till the Gum be dissolved, and boil it gently, and strain it for the same use as before.

A Fucus of Bulls-Gall.

Take Bulls Gall dried in the Sun, and extract the Tincture of it with Spirit of Wine, with which besmear the Face, cleaned before according to the second Direction, leaving it on three or four days without stirring abroad, or exposing the Skin to the Air. After that, cleanse the Face by the second Direction again. This is the *Spanish Fucus* now in much in use.

General Cosmeticks.

To clear the Face from Morpew, and defend it from Sun-burning.

Take Five Points of the Gall of an Ox, digested in a *Maries Bath* four and twenty Hours; *Roch-Allum* and Salt of Glas powdered, of each one Ounce, mix them together, and put them into a Matrice carefully stopped, and in May expose them to the Sun, shaking them three or four times a day, then Filtre them. In the Filtered Liquor, mix two Ounces of *Porcellane* powdered Fine, and dissolved in Spirit of Vinegar, *Borax* and *Sperma Ceti*, of each one Ounce, *Sugar-Candy*, three Ounces, *Champhire* and sweet *Sublimate*, *Ana*, three Drams, which done, expose them again to the Sun.

for ten days, shaking the Ingredients often; then filter the Liquor, and keep it for your use.

A Mask to preserve the Complexion of Ladies, never Published before.

Take the whitest wax four pound, *Sperma Ceti* two Ounces: Oyl of the four greater cold Seeds, cleaned and extracted without Fire; and *Bismuth* precipitated *Ana*, three Drams; *Borax* and *Burnt-Alum*, finely powdered, of each half a Dram; melt and mix them in *Balneo Marie*, and at the same time dip and spread the Cloth.

The Pigeon Water.

To Beautifie and Preserve the Complexion of Ladies, never Published before.

Take two young Pigeons gutted, and cut into pieces, crumbs of white-Bread, half a pound; Peach Kernels, and the four greater Seeds cleaned, of each four Ounces; Whites of twelve Eggs, and Juice of four Lemons, Macerate them twelve hours in four Pints of Goats Milk, then Distil them in *Balneo Marie*; to the distilled water add *Borax*, *Camphire*, *Sugar-Candy*, and *Burnt-Alum*, of each three drams: Expose them first three days to the Sun, then let them stand fifteen days in a Wine-Cellar; filter the Water, and keep it to wash the Face, Morning and Evening.

Another Pigeon-Water.

Take Select Myrrh powdered, six Ounces, two young Pigeons gutted and cut to peices; *Spanish Wine* and *Whin*, of each two Pints; Juice of Lemons, Bigger Housleek, and fragrant Pippin, of each one pound: Water-Roses, and Water-Lillies, of each half a pint, two Whites of Egges; mix them all together in a Glass Alembick, distil them in *Balneo Marie*, and preserve the Water.

To Smooth, Whiten, and Preserve the Complexion of Ladies, by the Queen of France's Doctor.

Take pure fine Sugar one Pound, Roch-Allom, three Ounces; White Poppy-Seed, Bean-Flowers, Flowers of Water-Lillies, Violets, and greater Housleek, of each one Handful; the Juice of four Lemons, the Crum. of two White-Loaves, Goats-Milk and White-wine, of each two Pints; bruise what is to be bruised, then mix and put all together into a Glass-Alemabick, Distil them in *Balneo Mariae*, and keep the Water for use.

A Virgins Milk, to Beautifie the Hands and Face.

Take the dissolution of Lithrage of Gold, in distilled Vinegar, Eight Ounces; the Dissolution of Roch-Allom, in Water of Water-Lillies, eight Ounces; filtre the Dissolutions apart, then a while after mix them, and the Virgins Milk is made.

They who have Tincture of *Storax* and *Benjamin* prepared with Spirits of Wine, may make Virgins Milk at any time, by mixing a little of the Tinctures with seven or eight times as much distilled Cosmetick-Water.

A Cheap, but excellent Cosmetick.

Take Allom in fine Powder, and shake it with Whites of New laid Eggs, being a little heated, till such time that they grow thick to an Oyntment, to anoint the Face, three or four days together, Morning and Evening.

To cleanse the Face from Scorf and Morpew.

First take Distilled Rain-Water six Ounces, Juice of Lemons twelve Ounces, mix them and wash with it Morning and Evening, anointing after, at Night going to bed, with the following Oyntment.

To Take common *Femurum* one Ounce, Salt of Tartar

one Dram, Musk twenty Grains, mix them well together.

A Cosmetick of great value.

White Tartar twenty Ounces ; Talke, Salt, of each ten Ounces ; Calcine them in a Potter's Furnace very well, then grinding the substance upon a Marble, put it into Hippocrates's sleeve, and set it in a Cellar, or other moist place, for twenty or thirty day, and there will drop from it a most precious Oyl, which being rub'd upon the Skin softly with a Linnen Cloth, the Skin being first duly cleaned, takes away all kind of Spots, and makes the Skin soft and delicate.

Another of great value.

Mercury Sublimate, Saccharum Saturni, of each two Drams. Rose-water and Juice of Lemons, of each two Ounces ; mix them like to an Oyntment, with which anoint gently at Night, and the next Morning with the Pomatum already mentioned.

A Cosmetick of Pearls.

Dissolve Pearls in the Juice of Limons or Distilled Vinegar, and digest them in Horse-dung, till they send forth a clear Oyl, which will swim at the top. This is one of the most excellent Cosmeticks in the World, but very dear.

To take away Sun-burnings.

To the Glair of ten Eggs put one Ounce of Sugar Candy, and anoint with it going to bed ; or anoint with the Juice of Sowbread. at Night going to Bed, and in the Morning with Oyl Omphacine.

To take away Freckles.

To a quantity of Juice of Lemons, in a Glass-Bottle, put fine Sugar and Borax in Powder, and digest it eight days in Sand, and then use it.

A Liniment against Tettors.

Red Mercurial Precipitate, and green Vitriol of each one ounce, Burht-Allom half an ounce, Verdigrease and Borax, of each two drams, of Red Dock two ounces, Hogs Grease and new Butter, of each four ounces pressed, oyl of Henbane one ounce.

A Water to take away Freckles and Morpew in the Face.

Take Strawberries a pound and a half, flowers of Lillies and Beans, of each half a pound, Roch-Allom, and Stone-Allom, of each half an ounce; Sal Gem, Nitre, Verdigrease, of each two drams; macerate them for ten days in Malmsey-Wine, Narbone-Honey, and White-wine Vinegar, of each one pint, then distil them in a moderate Sand Bath, and keep the Water.

Dip a Linnen Rag in this Water, and lay it where there is occasion upon the part, going to Bed; in the Morning wash with water of Water-Lillies.

Against Tettors and Ring-worms.

Diffolve Sublimate one ounce in a Glass of Red-Wine, by boyling, and wash the place morning and evening.

To heal Chaps in the Skin.

Anoint with Capons Grease, mixed well with Camphire or else Oyl of Turpentine, two drams, mixed with Unguentum Populeon.

A Liniment to prevent Scars of the small-Pox.

Take Litharge of Gold prepared, and Ceruse washed in Rose-water, of each one ounce, Oyl of the four greater cold Seeds, and bitter Almonds and Eggs, of each half an ounce, Niglassade, and Plantane-Water, as much as suffices, make this Liniment according to Art, like a Nutritum.

To make the Hair Black.

Wash it with a Sponge with Calx of Luna, made with Spirit of Nitre, mixed with fair Water.

30 *Various sorts of Cosmeticks.*

To keep the Hair from falling off.

Take Myrtle-Berries, Galls, Emblick, Myrabolans, of each alike; boyl them in Oyl Omphacine, and anoint the Head.

To make the Hair grow long and soft.

Distil Hogs-grease, or oyl Olive, in an Alembick, and with the Oyl that comes from thence, anoint the Hair.

A Dentrifice Powder by the King of France's Doctor.

Pumice-Stone burnt, white Coral, Cuttlefish Bone, and Cream of Tartar prepared upon Porphyry, the Root of Florence Orice, finely powdered, of each half an ounce, Sal Ammoniack pulverized one dram, Oriental Musk and Ambergrease, An three grains, mingle them and make a Powder.

You may use it as it is. or mixed with Syrup of dry Roses, or Honey of Roses, and reduce it into an Opiate before you rob your Teeth.

A famous Odoriferous Water.

Root of Florence Orice, and Benjamin, of each an ounce and a half, select Storax six drams, *Lignum Rhodium*, half an ounce; Aromatick Reed and *Laudanum*, of each two Scruples; Flowers of Benjamin one Scruple; being all Pulverized and put into a Matrice, macerate them twenty four hours in a lukewarm *Maries Bath*. in a pint of Rose-water, and half a pint of Orange-flower water, the Matrice being well stopp'd; then Distill them in the same Bath, a little hotter, and keep the water for use, mixing with it Musk and Ambergrease of each six drams.

This Water is called the Angels-Water, because of its sweet and pleasing Odour.

Another sweet Water.

Cloves in Powder two drams, yellow Sander *Calamus Aromaticus*, of each one Scruple, *Aqua Rosæ*

sarum Damascenarum, fifteen pints; digest four days, then Distil in an Alembick; to this Distilled Water, put in Powder, Cloves, Cinnamon, Benjamin, Storax, Calamita, of each one dram; then put the Water into a Glass-Bottle, with Musk and Ambergrease of each ten grains, and keep it close stoppt.

Or thus.

Take Damask-Roses exungulated three Pound, Flowers of Lavender and Spike, of each four ounces, Clove-Gilliflowers, and Flowers of Gelsomine, of each two pound, Orange-Flowers one pound, Citron-peels four drams, Cloves two drams, Cinnamon, Storax, Calamita, Benjamin, Nutmegs of each two Scruples all in Powder, *Aqua Rosarum* six pints, digested ten days, then distil in *Balneo Mariæ*; to the distilled Water add Musk and Ambergrease of each thirty grains.

Or thus.

Take Roses, Clove-Gilliflowers, of each one pound, Flowers of Rosemary, Lavender, Gelsomine, Marjoram, Savory, Thyme, of each three ounces, dry Citron-peels one ounce, Cinnamon, Benjamin, Storax, Calamita, of each two drams; bruise the Herbs and Spices well, digest in the Sun two days, then distil in *Balneo*, to the distilled water add Musk in Powder one Scruple.

A Sweet Water for the Hands.

Oyl of Cloves, and Mace, or Nutmegs, three or four drops only, and mingle it with a pint of fair water, stirring them a pretty while together in a Glass, having a narrow mouth, till they are well mingled together, and wash your hands with it.

Another sort of sweet Water.

Damask-Roses, Musk-Roses, Orange-Flowers, of each four pound; Cloves two ounces, Nutmegs one ounce; distil in an Alembick, in the
Nose

32 *Various sorts of Cosmeticks.*

Nose of which, hang Musk three scruples, Amber two scruples, Civit one scruple, tyed up in a Rag dipt in Bran, and the White of an Egg mixed.

The Imperial Perfuming Oyl.

Ambergrease four drams, Storax, Calamita, eight ounces, Rose-water, *Oleum Rosatum*, of each two pound, Oyl of Cinnamon and Cloves, of each half a dram: put all into a Glass, and digest in Horse-dung twenty days; that done, gently boyl all for a quarter of an hour, and then let it cool; with a Spoon take off the Oyl that swims at top, to which put of Musk and Civit of each two drams, digest all in a gentle heat for twenty days, and keep it for use. Note that the Amber and Storax that remain at the bottom, will serve to make Sweet Balls to lay among Cloths, Beads or Pomanders.

Oyl of Roses, called Fat of Roses.

Damask-Roses, pickle them with Bay-salt, and after three months, with a large quantity of Water, distill them in ashes with a gentle Fire, so shall you have an Oyl and Spirit, which you may keep for other Distillations.

To make a sweet Water.

A Pottle of Conduit-Water, a Platter full of young Bay leaves, a good quantity of Damask Rose-leaves, a quantity of Lavender, sweet Marjoram and Basil, Cloves an ounce and an half; Benjamin an ounce, Storax an ounce, Cyprus an ounce, *Calamus Aromaticus* an ounce, all beaten to Powder, steep them in the Water for ten days in a Pot close stopp'd, stirring it every day, and then Still it.

To Perfume a Chamber to withstand Witchcraft.

Take true Dill, red Fennil, Yarrowes, one handful, chop them small, dry them between two Tiles hot, laying hot Embers under and over the Tiles.

When

When you go to bed, put about a quarter of a handfull of it into your Warming-Pan, and warm your Bed therewith, and air your Chamber with it.

An Excellent Pomatum.

Take a Calves Chaddern, pick off all the Skin, and lay it astleep in running Water nine Days, shifting twice a Day; then put it into an Earthen Pot full of Water, and there let it infuse two Hours, then strain it out through a fine Cloth, in two or three Spoonfuls of Damask Rose-water, shifting the Rose-water every quarter of an Hour, as you beat it up; then add to it Oyl of white Poppies, and Oyl of Cucumbers, and so put it into Gally-pots, this Pomatum cleanses the Skin, and adds extreamly to Complexion.

A Perfuming Unguent.

Takes Hogs Lard three Pound, Sheeps-Suet nine Ounces, bruised Cloves one Dram, Rose-water two Ounces, Pomewaters pared and sliced one pound; boil all to the Consumption of the Rose-water, then strain without pressing; to every pound of which, add Oyl of *Rhodium*, and Cinnamon, of each thirty Drops.

A Compound Pomatum.

Take of Pomatum aforesaid, without the Oyl, four pound, Spikenard, Cloves, An. two Ounces, Cinnamon, Storax, Benjamin, one Ounce, the Spices and Gums bruised and tyed up in a thin Rag, Rose-water, eight Ounces; boil to the Consumption of the Rose-water; then add white Wax eight Ounces, which mix well in melting, strain it again, being hot, and when it is almost cold, mix therewith Oyl of Musk, then put it up.

An Extraordinary Perfume.

Take three Drains of Florence Orrice, three Drains of Benjamin, one Dram and a half of good
Storax

Storax, a Dram of *Lignum Rhodium*, yellow Sanders half a Dram, as much Flowers of Benjamin, and three Cloves; mix this Powder in six Ounces of good Rose-water, and three Ounces of Orange-flower-water, and having kept them in the cold in a Matrice, for twenty four Hours or more, pour out some part of the mixture into a Perfuming Pan, moderately hot, stopping the Matrice very close again. You may, if you please, add some few Grains of Musk and Ambergrease.

To make Pomanders or Bracelets.

Take eight Ounces of Willow-Coal, two ounces of Labdanum, two ounces of Mastic in Teares, and two Ounces of Yellow Amber; and having mixed these Powders, incorporate them with Mucelage of Gum Tragacanth, extracted with Rose-water. Then make up the Pomanders of what Figure you please, and dry them in the shade: They that will be at the cost, may add Odoriferous *Tacamahacca*, Musk and Ambergrease,

Odoriferous Trochisks.

Recipe Ladanum, the purest, three Ounces, Storax an ounce and an half, Benjamin one ounce, *Lignum Aloes* two Drams, Oriental Musk half a Scruple, pound the Aloes in a Brass Mortar, and sift through a silk Sieve; powder the Ambergrease apart with mixing it with never so little Oyl of Nutmegs, and the Musk, by mixing it with a little Sugar: Melt the Rosin of Storax in a Brass Mortar, beat and sift the Ladanum and Benjamin, and reduce them into a Paste with Gum Tragacanth: Or else,

Lignum Aloes five Drams, Ambergrease three drams, Oriental Musk one Dram.

Other Odoriferous Perfumes, called the Cyprian Birds.

Take Powder of Willow Coals three ounces, Labdanum two ounces, Storax, Benjamin, An. half an ounce; Mustick, sweet Tacamahacca, and yellow Amber, two drams of each; *Lignum Rhodium* a dram and a half; make them up with Mucelage or Gum Tragacanth, extracted with Rose-water, and dry them in the shade.

Others Richer.

Take Coals of Rosemary Pulverized four ounces, Storax and Benjamin of each an ounce, Roots of Cyprus, Aromatick Reed, Maltich and Amber, of each one dram, Cloves one dram, Musk, Ambergrease and Civit ten grains: reduce them into a Paste with Gum Tragacanth, extracted with Grange-Flower-Water, and dry them in the shade.

Others more Rich.

Take Rosin of Storax, choice Benjamin, and Sallow-Tree-Ashes, of each one ounce, Ambergrease one dram, Musk half a dram, Zibit six Grains, distilled Oyls of *Lignum Rhodium*, Cinnamon and Cloves, of each six drops; make up the Trochiscs with Gum Tragacanth, extracted with Rose-water.

A sweet Powder of Violets.

Take the Roots of Florence Orice one pound, yellow Sanders five ounces; red Roses four ounces, Storax, Benjamin, of each two ounces; Cyprus and tops of Marjoram, of each one ounce; *Lignum Rhodium* half an ounce; Cloves, Aromatick Reed, and Flowers of Lavender, of each two drams; make all into a coarse Powder for sweet-Bags.

The true and genuine Receipt of that famous Spirit called the Queen of Hungaries Water ; so called by reason of the wonderful effects which a Queen of Hungary received by it, at the age of seventy two years.

Take four pound of Rosemary-flowers, gathered in a fair morning, two or three hours after Sun-rising, and pick'd from all the green part ; put them into a Cucurbite, and pour upon them three quarts of Spirit of Wine well rectified ; press down the Flowers into the said Spirit, and then cover the Cucurbite with its head and Alembick, lute well all the Juncture with paste and paper ; then place it in a Sand Bath, and lute a Receiver to it ; then leave it so until the next morning ; then distill it with so moderate a Fire, that whilst the Spirit distilleth, the head may not be so much as warm ; or to hasten the Distillation, you may cover the head with a linnen Cloth doubled several times and dipped in cold Water, and dip again, and cool the head several times ; continue the Distillation until you have drawn about three quarts of Spirit, which will be very pure, and charged with the best and volatile substance of the flowers ; then take out all the Fire, and let the Bath cool ; unlute the Vesse's, and put the Spirit into a Bottle well stopp'd ; then strain and press out the liquor that remains in the Cucurbite, and clarify it ; then put it into the Cucurbite again, and distil it until it remaineth in the bottom of the consistence near as thick as Honey, or a thick Syrup, which put into a Pipkin well glaz'd, and boil it over a gentle Fire to the thickness of an ordinary Extract ; put the last Spirit into a Bottle by it self.

Of Metals and Precious Stones.

In the first place you must know how too melt Crystal ; which is thus done.

BEat Crystal to bits, and put the bits into an Iron Spoon ; cover it and lute it well, and heat it in the Fire till it be red hot, then quench it in Oyl of Tartar ; this do so often till they will easily beat to Powder in a Morter, which will then easily melt.

To make Glass green.

Green Glass is made of Fern-asbes ; Crystal or Venice Glass is dy'd Green with Ore of Copper, or with the Calx of Copper, five or Six grains to an ounce.

To Counterfeit a Diamond.

Take a Sapphire of a faint colour, and put it into the middle of a Crucible in quick Lime, and put in into a gentle Fire, and heat it by degrees till it is red hot ; keep it so for six or seven hours ; then let it stand in the Crucible till it be cold, by which means it will lose all its Colour, and be perfectly like a Diamond, so that no File will be able to touch it. If the colour be not all vanish'd at the first heating, you must heat it again till it be perfect.

To make a Counterfeit Diamond of Crystal.

First prepare your Crystal by putting it into a Crucible in a Reverberatory heat, then take it out and cast into cold Water ; so it will crack and reduce to Powder ; of which Powder take an equal quantity with Salt of Tartar, or Salt Alkali, (to which mixture you may add what colour you please, which must be either Metaline or Mineral) put them into a very strong Crucible, filling it about half full, and covering it close, and melt all in a strong Fire till it come to be like Glass.

How

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How then to Counterfeit a Diamond by Crystal.

Put Crystal into a Crucible, and set it in a Glass Furnace all Night, and then bright it into fine Powder; mix it with equal parts of Sal Tartar then digest all Night in a vehement heat, but yet not to melt, then take them out, and put them into another Vessel that will stoutly endure the Fire; let them stand melted two days, and then take out the Mass.

To make a Calcedon,

Mingle a little Calcin'd Silver with the Powder of Crystal, and let it stand in infusion twenty four hours.

To Counterfeit a Ruby.

Take Crystal three ounces, scales of Brass half an ounce, Leaf Gold six grains; mix all, and melt them in a Reverberatory.

To Counterfeit a Carbuncle.

Mix Crystal with a little red Lead, putting into a Furnace for twenty four hours; then take it out, powder and seirce it, to which add a little Calcin'd Brass; melt all again, and add a small quantity of Leaf-Gold, stirring it well three or four hours, and in a day and a night it will be done.

To make an Amethyst.

Take Crystal one pound, Manganese one dram mix and melt them.

To make a Jacynth.

Put Lead into a strong Crucible, and set it in a Furnace, let it stand there about six weeks, till it be like Glass.

To make an Artificial Crysolite.

Mix a sixth part of the scales of Iron, letting stand in a vehement Fire for three days.

To make Artificial Topaz.

Add two Drams of *Crocus Martis*, red Lead three ounces, first putting in the Lead, then the *Crocus*.

To make an Artificial Sapphire.

Put two Drams of *Zaphira* to a pound of melted Crystal, then stir it continually from top to bottom with an Iron Hook, till it be well mixed, keep it in the Furnace three Days, and the work is done, though when it is coloured, if it be not presently removed from the Fire, it will lose its colour again.

To make Coral.

Take the scrapings of Goats Horns, beat them together, and infuse them in a strong Lixivium, made of Salt Beech, for five Days, then take it out and mingle it with Cinnabar, dissolved in Water, set it to a gentle Fire, that it may grow thick, then make it into what form you please, then dry and polish it.

Or else, Take Minium one ounce, Vermilion ground fine, half an ounce, Quick-lime, and Powder of Calcin'd Flints, of each six ounces, a Lixivium of Quick-lime and Wine, and enough to make it thick, add to it a little Salt, then make it into what form you please, and boil it in Linseed Oyl.

To make an Artificial Emerald.

Take Brass three Days Calcin'd in Powder, which put again into the Furnace with Oyl, and a weaker Fire; let it stay there four Days, adding a double quantity of fine Sand or Powder of Crystal; when it is somewhat hardned, keep it at a more gentle Fire for twelve Hours, and it will be a glorious Green.

Or else, Take fine Crystal two ounces, Flower of Brasse infused in Vinegar, and strained, one ounce.
Sal

Sal Tartary one ounce and an half; mix and lute them into a Crucible, and put all into a Glass-makers Furnace, for twenty four Hours, and it will be glorious indeed.

To make Artificial Amber.

Boil Turpentine in an Earthen Pot, with a little Cotton (some put a little Oyl) stirring it till it is as thick as PASTE, then put it into what Vessel you please, and set it in the Sun, and it will be clear and hard.

Or else, Take sixteen Yolks of Eggs, and beat them with a Spoon, Gum-Arabeck, two ounces, Cherry tree Gum an ounce; make the Gums into Powder, and mix them well with the Yolks of Eggs, let the Gums melt well, and put them into a Pot well leaded; then set them six days in the Sun, and they will be hard, and shine like Glass, and when you rub them, they will take up a Wheat Straw, as other Amber does.

To make Artificial Pearls.

Mix Calx of Luna and Egg-shells with leaf Silver, ground with the best Varnish, of which make PASTE and having bor'd them with a Hogs-Bristle, dry them in the Sun or in an Oven.

To make white Enamel.

Take Calx of Lead two ounces, Calx of Tin four ounces make it into a Body with twelve ounces of Crystal, roll it into round Balls, and set it on a gentle Fire for a Night, stirring it about with an Iron Rod, till it is melted.

To make Azure.

Take Sal Ammoniack three ounces, make them into Powder, and put them into a Glass with water of Tartar, so that it may be somewhat thick, stop the Glass, and digest in Sand, in Horse-Dung for eight or ten days, and it will be a good Azure.

To

To lay Gold on Glass.

Take Chalk and red Lead, of each alike, grind them together, and temper them with Linseed-Oyl, lay it one, and when it is almost dry, lay leaf-Gold upon it, let it dry, then polish it.

To Gild Iron with Water.

Take Spring-water three pints, Roch-Allom three ounces, Roman Vitriol, Orpiment, one ounce of Verdigrease twenty four Grains, Sal Gem, three ounces; boil-all together, and when it begins to boil, put in Tartar and Bay-salt, of each half an ounce; continue the boiling a good while; then take it from the Fire, strike the Iron over therewith, dry it against the Fire, and burnish it.

To lay Gold on Iron or other Metals.

Take liquid Varnish one pound, Oyl of Linseed and Turpentine, of each one ounce, mix them well together, strike this over any Metal, and then lay on the Gold or Silver, and when it is done polish it.

To gild Silver or Brass with Gold water.

Take Quick-silver two ounces, put it on the fire in a Crucible, and when it begins to smoak, put into it an Angel of fine Gold, then take it off immediately, for the Gold will presently be dissolv'd; then if it be too thin, strain a part of the Quick-silver from it through a peice of Fustian; this done, rub the Gold and Quick-silver upon the Brass or Silver, and it will cleave to it; then put the said Brass or Silver upon quickCoals till it begin to smoke then take it from the Fire, and scratch it with a Hair-brush, and that do till the Mercury be rubb'd as clean off as may be. and the Gold appear of a faint Yellow, which colour is to be heightned with Sal Ammoniack, Bole and Verdigrease ground together, and tempered with Water.

To

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To Gild Books.

Take Bole Armoniack four penny weight, Sugar-candy one penny weight, mix and grind them with glair of Eggs, then on a bound Book, in the Press, smear the said Composition; let it be dry, then rub it well and polish it, then with fair water wet the edges of the Book, and suddenly lay on the Gold, pressing it down with Cotton gently, this done, let it dry, and then polish it exactly with a Tooth.

To Gild Silk and Linnen.

Take Glue made of Parchment, lay it on the Linnen or Silk gently, that it may not sink, then take Ceruse, Bole and Verdigrease, of each alike, mix and grind them upon a Stone, then in a glazed Vessel, mix it with Varnish, which you must let simmer over a small Fire, then keep it for use.

Another of a pure Gold Colour.

Take Juice of fresh Saffron, or Saffron ground, the best clear Orpiment, of each alike, grind them with Goats gall, or Gall of a Pipe, digest twenty days in Horse-dung, and it is done.

To Gild Wood or Stone.

Take Bole Armoniack, Oyl of Benjamin, of each a sufficient quantity, beat and grind them together, with this smear the Wood or Stone, and when it is almost dry, lay on the Leaf-Gold, let it dry and then polish it.

To write with Leaf-Gold.

Take Leaves of Gold, and grind them with a few drops of Honey, to which add a little Gum-water, and it will be excellent to Write or Paint with.

To Gild any Metal,

Take strong Aqua-Fortis, in which dissolve fine Silver or Gold, to which put so much Tartar in

fine Powder, as will make it into Paste, with which
rub any Metal, and it will look like Gold or Silver.

*To Gild, so as not to be rubbed out with any
Water.*

Take Oaker Calcin'd, Pumice-stone, of each
like, Tartar alike, beat them with Linseed-Oyl,
and five or six drops of Varnish, and strain all
through a Linnen Cloth, with which you may
Gild.

To write with Silver Letters.

Take Tin one Ounce, Quick-silver two Ounces,
mix and melt them, and grind them with Gum-
water.

To write with Green Ink.

Take Verdigrease, Litharge, Quick-silver, of
each a sufficient quantity, grind and mingle them
with Urine, and it will be a very glorious Green
write with.

To write with Blue-Ink.

Grind Blue with Honey, and temper it with
um-water, made of glair of Eggs, or Ising-
gums.

*Several ways for the private Conveyance of Love-
Letters.*

Take Alom and dissolve it in fair Water, and
write upon a white Cloth or Napkin, when it is
dry it will not be seen at all; but when you would
have the Letters visible, dip the Cloth in fair
water, and the Cloth will be of a wet colour all
over, but where the Alom was writ with.

Another way.

Take Litharge and put it into an Earthen Pot,
making a little hole in it, put thereto a little Vi-
gar, then boil them both together, and strain
the Liquor. This being made ready, be sure the
letter received be writ with the Juice of a good

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Limon; which when you would read, you must dip in the said Liquor, and the Letters will appear upon the Paper of a milky colour.

To read Letters at the Fire.

Take the Juice of an Onion, or a Pomegranate, and write upon Paper, and the Letters will not be seen till the Paper be well warmed at the Fire.

Or thus,

Take Sal-Ammoniack, and when you have bruised it, mingle it with Water, then write upon the Paper, and the Letters will not be visible, till held to the Fire, and then they will appear of a black Colour.

Or thus,

Take Ceruse, and mix it with Tragacanth, with which mixture will be made a colour like that of Paper, so that it cannot be discerned from Paper, with this mixture write upon your Paper, for it cannot be read till held against the Fire.

Some Letters cannot be read, till rubb'd over with Flower.

To this purpose take Vinegar or Urine, write upon any part of the Arm or Thigh; the Letters will not be seen till they be rubbed over with fine Meal, or the ashes of burnt Paper.

If you take the Milk of a Fig-tree, and write upon Paper, it cannot be read till it be rubbed over with Charcoal dust.

Otherwise you may dissolve a little Goats Milk with a small quantity of Turpentine, and have rubbed your Paper with it, keep it by you: when you have occasion to use it, put the Paper in a Board, and with an Iron Pen, write down the Letters, for the Fat will so stick to the Paper, that the Letters can never be read, till rubbed over with Dust.

Several Secrets of Art and Nature.

How a Man may wash his Hands in melted Lead without harm.

Take an Ounce of Quick-silver, two ounces of good Bole-Armoniack, half an ounce of Amphire, and two ounces of Aqua-Vitæ, and put them into a Brazen Mortar, then beat them with Pestle; which being done, anoint your Hands all over with this Ointment, and you may wash your hands in melted Lead without any danger.

To make a Sword or Knife so tempered, as to cut Iron like Lead.

Let a Sword or Knife, when it is once fashion'd, first made red hot, then quenched in juice of radishes, mixed with the Distilled water of fresh earth-worms, being somewhat bruised before Distillation. A Sword or Knife quenched in this water four or five times, will have so sharp an edge, that you may cut Iron with it as easily as Lead.

To make Steel as soft as Paste.

Take the Gall of an Ox, Man's Urine, Verjuice, and the Juice of Nettles, of each a small quantity, and mix them well together; then quench the steel red hot in the Liquor, and it will become as soft as Paste.

To make People seem Headless.

Break Arsenick very fine, and boil it with Sulphur in a covered Pot, and kindle it with new candle.

To make People look as if they were dead.

Take Aqua-Composita, and mingle it with Salt, and Fire it in the Night time, putting all other lights out.

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For Merriment at Table.

To make a Man's Hands black by wiping with his Napkin.

Take Chalcanthum a Gall or two, and Bruise them; then sift them in a fine Sieve, and reduce them to a very fine Powder to strew upon Napkins: which being done, rub the Powder into the Cloth. Whosoever, after washing, with that Napkin or Towel, will so daub his Face; as if he had dipped it in Ink.

To hinder a Man from swallowing his Meat.

Take of the Root of the Herb called *Bella Donna* one Dram beaten small, and put it into a Glass of Wine, letting it stand for the space of two hours, In the morning drink to the Party upon whom you intend to put the trick, and give your prepared Glass, about three hours before Dinner. When he comes to Dinner, his chaps will be so sore, that he will be able by no means to swallow his Meat; when you have had sport enough, let him gargle his Mouth with a little Vinegar or Milk, and he will be immediately as well as ever.

Otherwise, Take the fine Powder of the Root of *Arisaron*, and sprinkle it upon what Meat you please, instead of Cinnamon or Pepper; for the Powder will so hurt his Chaps, and the inside of his Mouth, that it will cause him to make an hundred Faces; nor will the smart cease, till he has washed his Mouth with Milk.

The Leaves also of *Colocasia*, or the *Aegyptian Bean*, being mingled in a Sallad, will fill the Mouth of him that eats it with such a clammy Spittle, that he will be able neither to eat or swallow, till he hath well washed his Mouth.

To make the Meat seem bitter.

Rub the edge of the Knife, or the Napkin, with the Juice of *Coloquintida*, and it will leave a bitter

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such a bitterness, that whatever the Knife cuts, will seem bitter, and the oftner he cuts and wipes his Mouth, the more his Tongue, Palate, and Mouth will be infected, so that he must be forced to leave his Meat.

To cause a Cup to stick to the Lips, that it can hardly be pulled away.

Take the Milk of a Fig-Tree, and mingle it with Gum Tragacanth, and anoint the Brims of the Cup; which when it is dry will not be seen; give the Cup where you design full of Liquor, and before the Party has done drinking, it will stick so fast to his Lips, that it will be almost impossible to Gluck it away.

That a Woman shall not eat the meat upon the Table.

Take a little green Basil, and convey it privately under the Dish; for so long as the Herb lies under the Dish, the Woman can eat none of the meat.

The Art of Complementing and Wooing.

A mixture of Complemental Expressions.

SIR, You honour me in this Acknowledgment. Sir, I shall tell the Lady how zealous you are of her Commendations.

MADAM, 'Tis in your power to oblige my Soul, your Beauty has power to melt a Scythian's Bosom.

MADAM, be pleased to let me Seal my true Devotion with a Kiss.

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Be pleased to tell me, Sir, how I may shew myself thankful to you for your Love.

Sir, You have bound me to be your grateful Debtor.

Pardon me, Sir, if I have not done you Honour worthy your Deserts.

Sir; Your former Honours, so largely bestowed upon my mean Deserts, have been prevailing ratifiers with me in your behalf.

Madam, I know not what neglect of mine hath cast this Scorn upon me.

Sir, You have charmed me, and I obey in all things.

Sir, You have Conquered me in a Noble Contest.

Sir, You have Conquered Friendship by your Example.

Sir, I hope I have yours and your Ladies leave me to exchange a word with your fair Daughter.

I am happy to see my self in such a Golden Circle of worthy Friends.

Madam, You much honour me in these Equipments, which though they oblige my just Acknowledgment, yet hold no proportion more to enflame my Heart, or express my welcome, than this your free Grace, and those hopes from your Favour that bless my Imagination.

Sir, You have deserved more Service and Reward from me, than Life can thank you for.

Lady, All my Wealth is sum'd up, when you are pleased to smile upon me.

Pray, Sir, receive this Stranger to your knowledge; for, on my Credit, he deserves it in all Parts.

Lady, In you alone the Faculties of my Soul are wholly taken up,

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Madam, All your Desires are absolute Com-
mands.

Lady, The Magazine of all Rich Treasure is
contained in your Perfections.

Sir, I am your humble Observer, and wish you
all Accumulation of Prosperity.

Lady, you are the Paragon of Beauty, match'd
with Virtue.

Sir, Your full worth speaks as loud an Accent
of Desert, as he that merits most.

Noble Sir, You are the only Person I have an
Ambition to Honour,

Lady, You are the Pride of Nature and of
Love; Beauty and Vertue, in a high contention,
strive which should not exceed each other in you,

Lady, I have not seen that Beauty worthy to
be beloved, till your Enchanting looks made me
leave a Slave to *Cupid's* Cruelty.

Nature hath framed you, Lady, for her Master-
piece; as the most pure abstract of all that is rare
in Women.

Lady, I kiss your Hand, and must assure the
World, that the richest Virtues are your Bosom-
tenants.

Sir, Your Favours challenge more true Service,
more true Love and Faith, than I have words to
utter.

A Lover describing his Mistress.

She is Wit, Beauty, Chastity, and all that can
make Women lovely to Man's Soul; so far from
the Capacity of any ill, that the Virtues of all o-
thers, like soil, do but tell of her Perfections.

She is young in Years, and of such absolute
Beauty and Dexterity of Wit, and gentle Qualities,
that she is reputed not without admiration.

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Her Features and Graces Commended.

Lover. You are pleas'd to smile upon me. gentle Lady, and I have taken into my Heart more than Imaginary Blessings.

Lady. I am not worthy your flattery.

Lover. Lady, I do not flatter you, and let *Venus* her self be Judge; 'twere a Sin to be modest in your Praises. Here is a Hand let Nature shew me such another; a Brow, a Cheek, a Lip so enticing that I am happy that *Cupid himself* is blind; for could he see, he would forsake his Mistress to be my Rival, and choose to be banish'd Heaven for your Embraces.

Lady. I can be patient to hear you mock me.

Lover. Lady, those Divine Beams proceeding from your Eyes, are able to thaw the Frozen Earth without another Sun.

Your Voice is such a one, that should the Holy Church-man use it, it would without the addition of more Exorcism, disinchant Houses, and tie up the Night Ghosts that haunt the solitary Groves.

You are the Heavenly piece, which when Nature had wrought, she lost her Needle, like one that never hoped to work again any other so fair and lively.

Lady, Could I expire, these White and Innocent Hands, at the same time closing my Eyes, it were not to die, but to be transported to *Elysium* in a Dream.

In your fair looks, sits a Divinity able to charm Kings to admire and adore.

Continual Smiles, create long Summer on your Cheeks.

At your bright Eyes, *Cupid* warms his Wings.

In your Breath are Musick and rich Perfumes; resembling those Aromatick Winds, that sing the *Phoenix's* Obsequies.

Madam

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Madam, You teach all Hearts Novelty, with the Musick of your Voice.

Your Eyes are Nature's richest Diamonds, set in Foils of polish'd Ivory.

Your Breath sends forth more sweet Odours than issued from the Palm-trees of Paradise; one Glance from your fair Eyes, makes all that gaze your Idolaters.

Cupid has taken his stand in your Eyes, and shoots at all before him.

The Lillies being censured, for comparing with your more clear and Native Purity, want wite to do their Pennance in.

I must study a new Arithmetick, to sum up the Vertues that make you excellent.

She is a Noble Casket, wherein lies Beauty and Chastity in their full perfection.

Not Rose, nor Lilly, nor the glorious *Hyacinth*, are of sweetness, tenderness, and whiteness, as your self, fair Lady.

Thou art all handsomness, my Dear, so that Nature will be ashamed to frame another: Now that thou art made, thou hast clear robbed her of all her cunning. Were every Woman in the World like you, so full of goodness, Angels would come and dwell with us.

Your Voice sends forth such Musick, that I never was ravish'd with a more Celestial sound.

Those fair Eyes bring back the Spring.

Her breath is like the smoak of Spices.

Her Breath Perfumes the Air she breaths in.

Turn back your Comet Eyes, or I shall perish in the Flames.

She whispers like the Lute.

Her Eyes are Diamonds, set in purest Gold.

Not the unblown Rose, nor Mines of Crystal, nor the Diamond are so pure as she.

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The very Air is ravished with her touch.

Here Neck is more white than the new fallen Snow.

Those Eyes were *Juno's*, those Eyes were once the Queen of Love's; that Virgin-blush was *Diana's*. Thus, Madam, you have a Donative from every Deity.

Her Air is like those Tresses that Adorn *Apollo's* Head.

Her Locks soft as the new spun Silk, curling with such a natural Wantonness, as if they strove to delight the Fancy of her that wears them.

Her Fore-head is a goodly Prospect, that shew like a Castle, commanding some goodly Country

Her Face so full of Majesty, that *Aurora* blushes to see a Countenance brighter than her own, her Face is full of Sun-shine.

Her Eyes dart Lightning through the Skies, The Stars borrow new Light from her more radiant Eyes: They are able to Grace the Heavens and Beautify the Sky in the darken Night.

Her smiles so graceful and so full of Comfort, that with them she is able to revive a dying Lover.

Her Cheeks shew like Lawn spread upon Roses, Nature Painted the Colour thereof in the most glorious Tulip.

Her Chin shews like a peice of pure and polished Ivory, which the God of Love delights to uphold with his soft Hand.

Her Tongue is tipt with such a free and powerful Art, as might tame the most rebellious Spirit.

Her words invade the weakened Senses, and overcome the Heart.

Her Neck is of such a whiteness, as exceeds the unallied Snow.

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Her Hands soft and smooth, the Violet Veins of which run long, and spread themselves like Mines of *Turkoises*.

Her Breasts are two Mountains of Snow, from the two Fountains of which, *Cupid* himself sucks Nectar.

Complements at Table,

Sir, You are welcome to this homely Fare; I am sorry 'tis no better for you: I could wish it handsomer, but only, Sir, our House affords it not.

Ans. Courteous Lady, I am so much indebted to the matchless bounty of your House, that my Thanks are the only the poor things that shame me.

Such noble Welcome we have had this Day, that we are forced to take blushing leaves, because we can pay nothing but bare Thanks.

Please you, Sir, to taste a poor slight Banquet?

Ans. My Fortune makes me more than amends in your sweet kindness, Lady.

Friends, You are welcome to my poor Table, please you to set and eat?

Ans. Your Delicates are so superabundant, that *Cleopatra* her self might revel here, and be contented.

Sir, A good Health to the fair Precedent of all Virtue and Beauty, that now seems to reside in your Melancholy Thoughts.

May this Table make a lasting League of Amity between us.

Worthy Sir, I do much admire so happy a Confederacy.

Many thanks, Sir, for your worthy Entertainment. Your Entertainment has obliged me.

After Dinner,

Sir, You will excuse your bad Entertainment, otherwise we must oblige our selves to make you a better.

Sir,

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Sir, Your Entertainment hath been very good, there has been no fault, there is no need of Excuses.

At least you may assure your self to have been lookt upon with Respect, and to have been Cordially received, I wish I could testify my affection to you, in a thing that were more worthy of you.

Sir, I have had so many Testimonies of your Favour, that I am ashamed I have not been able to give you better Acknowledgments; which I shall be ready to do, when you are pleased to honour me with your Commands. At present I humbly thank you for this Noble Entertainment, and kiss your Hands.

Sir, I Recommend my self to your good thoughts.

Madam, The favour I have received from your Husband, obliges me to you both. I cannot at present give you sufficient thanks; but I beseech you to believe that my apprehension of them is such, that I shall give my self no Repose, till I have found an occasion to revenge my self.

To present a Gift.

Lady, Occasion ripens my whole Discharge for your great Favours, be pleased to wear this Diamond, which betrays its want of Lustre, and comes with an Ambition to recover Flames from your Eyes. Lady, The Gift is not worth the mention of so much Gratitude. Your Breasts makes the Oblation rich, and I am encouraged by your Vertue to present you with something of more Value: I give you my Heart, Lady.

Sir, I beseech you accept of this small Trifle, only as a remembrance of my succeeding thankfulness.

Lady, I have first in charge this Kiss, and than this Paper; the Language will soon tell you from whom it comes.

Lady, I have here a Token sent you from a Friend.

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Friend of yours, as the remembrance of his Love.
He entreats you to accept this Token of his fair
Wishes towards you.

Congratulation.

Vertue bless you, Lady.

Happy be your Arrival, Noble Friend.

I am glad to see you well, to see you lusty, and
good health about you.

I am much affected with your safe return, you
bring a general Joy.

Recommendation.

My humble Duty to him.

If in my Name, you will be pleased to tender my
Thanks for his Noble Love, I shall rest highly in-
debted to you.

Spare a little of your choicest Language, dear
Friend, to let her know how I love her, and how
I languish for her.

Well-wishing.

The Blessings of your Mistress fall upon you.

May all things lie level to your Wishes.

May you inherit your Desires.

What ever Joy the Earth yields succeed to you.

All Content both Day and Night crown your
Desires.

Excuse.

Let me beg your Pardon, gentle Lady.

Let my boldness prove Pardonable.

Let my Submission salve my Presumption.

It was my Ignorance, and not Presumptuous
Boldness.

Short Returns of Thanks.

It is an Honour, and I so receive it.

I stand indebted for a benefit to you.

Such indearments will impoverish my Grati-
tude.

You oblige my Gratitude.

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To Recommend a Friend to a Friend.

Sir, I present this Gentleman to kiss your Hand, he has a great Ambition to be known to you,

Sir, I must present this Gentleman to be more known to you.

Sir, Here is a deserving Person, on whom I entreat you to throw your Welcomes.

The Time of the Day given.

The best Day to Natures Curiosity.

Lady, I wish you a Morning as fair as your own Beauty.

A fair Morning descend upon you Sir.

Good Morrow, Lady Venus, and the Graces sur this Day, have laid their Hands about you. You look fairer than your self, and move in the Sphere of Love and Beauty.

Good Night, good Night, Dearest; this parting is so sweet a grief, that I could say good Night till it be good Morrow.

A happy Day to you all, Genteels.

To drink a Health.

Sir, A Health to your Mistress, a hearty Health and a deep one.

Sir, My Duty gladly answers.

On the Bridal Night.

Good Night, fair Lady, most Beauteous Maid and as that Name shall vanish, Beauteous Wife, may your Happiness continue long with the same Harmony as they begin.

To the Man.

Good Night, Sir, and be lusty, and take your Lady to you, and whatever shall thwart your Happiness, be accurs'd,

To Request a kindness.

Sir, The good Affection which you have always testified towards me, hath made me take the boldness to request a Courtship of you; that you would

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be pleased to give me your Advice, and lend me your assistance in an Affair of Moment ; it would add to your former Obligations, and I shall be always obliged, particularly to acknowledge.

Sir the Affection which I bear you, is sincere, and as for that little proof, that you have seen thereof, it is but a small pattern of that which I desire to perform on your behalf. Assure your self therefore, that in this which you demand, and upon all other occasions, you shall find me always disposed to serve you.

Sir, You double the Obligation you have laid upon me, by your readiness and freeness, nor will it ever be in the Power, either of my Words or Actions, to make an full acknowledgment.

Sir, If you think I have either Power or Will to deserve from you, let me beg a small Request at your Hands.

Fair Lady, make your humble Servant proud to kiss your white Hands.

Sir, I would pray one favour from you.

Sir, Will it please you, since you have given me the Power, that I may intreat an Honour from you.

Ans. You shall not desire what is your own already ; whatever it be, you are Mistress of your Desires.

Lady, I must make a Suit, and an earnest Suit to you.

One Suit, Sir, and I willingly cease to be a Begger.

Returns of Thanks.

Sir, That good Affection, which you have made appear towards me, commands me to give you Thanks for the Honour and Favour which you were pleased to do me. You have obliged me more than any Person in the World.

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Sir, I cordially love my Friends, and do not willingly refuse them any thing which is in my power. Take what I do in good part, and believe I would do more for you.

Sir, I have not merited this Favour, it behoves me to seek all Opportunities, to make you a full acknowledgment.

Sir, Yours Thanks have surpassed the Service I have done you. I would not put you to purchase so dearly the Favour of your Friends. I can assure you, Sir, there is nothing in my power, which is not at your Command.

Sir, I cannot doubt of your Affection; and be confident I shall ever acknowledge it.

Sir, My want of Power to satisfy so great a Debt, makes me accuse my Fortune. But if out of the Bounty of your Mind, you think a free Surrender of my self, a full Payment, I gladly tender it.

Sir, My Soul is full of Thanks, do but name any Employment, to assure you, and you shall make me twice happy.

Sir, I hope you have sow'd your Affection in a Fruitful Ground, to return what I owe with a Plentiful Harvest.

Sir, I stand engag'd to you for so many Favours, that I hold it a breach of Thankfulness to omit any Duty, which may approve me not ungrateful.

Sir, Had I more than one Life, you would oblige me to lose them in your Service.

Sir, Your constant Vertues have deserved more Recompence, than Fate will minister by me. Yet be pleas'd to know, Sir, That my Inabilities have made my Gratitude only sick, not dead.

Sir, Your Courtesie challenges much from my Requital.

Sir,

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ng. Sir, You deserve by many bounties ever to
not command me.

a my Sir, I must thank your Love ; your Heart doth
lieve speak a noble Friendship.

me Sir, I kiss your Hands, and return you humble
I ac- Thanks for all your noble Favours.

ce I Madam, My duty shall ever speak my Thankful-
hase nesses.

sure do Sir, You pay me with a blessing, if my Name
h is do but live within your Memory.

Terms of Salutation.

be Lady. I have never been so happy as to behold
t a so sweet an Object. Wherefore, without injury, I
out presume you are the Lady of this House, and so
ur- Salute you.

en- As many Happineses wait upon you, Lady, as
any there are Beams shot from the Sun this pleasant
ke Morning ; let me embrace you more in Heart than
a Hand, and let all Affection keep at Court.

a Worthy Friend, most opportunely met.

a The acknowledgment I owe your Favours,
Fa- Madam, brings me.

to Lady, Though I am unworthy, I could be proud
ce- to be your Servant.

b- Lady, The sweet Minutes that divorce me from
re your Embraces, seem Years to me.

To his Mistress going out of Town.

et Lady, I am bound to find you, hearing late-
ve ly of a sudden Journey which you intend.

py Ans. Not so sudden as to want the manners to
sir, leave you unregarded.

re Lover. I hope, Lady, you did not believe I had
et such unhandsome thoughts of you — But how
ve long will it be e'er you return ?

py Ans. Much the sooner if you might be a gainer
sir, by my Service. Yet it will be no small happiness
if I may hear often from you, and a greater Favour
if

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If I may receive an account of the welfare of the few Friends that I must leave behind.

Lover. I shall most diligently obey, for there is no Man prouder of your Commands.

The Departure.

Adieu, Dear Beauty. it behoves me to be banished from you, that I may dispose my Soul to esteem you the more; one way by the loss of your Presence; another way by recollecting the Thoughts of past Hurriues.

Truely Sir, You have great reason to make use of your Fancy when you would praise me. For Thought and Fancy will frame imaginary Merits where your Eyes and Judgment will find the contrary.

Madam, You do very well to make use of new Customs, I believe you will perswade your self to speak false. that you might have an advantage over me that breaths nothing but the truth. It is impossible such a Vanity should make you offend that which I honour. You will gain nothing by it but the pleasure of fine Words.

Sir, Call them rather True, and then you will speak Truth your self.

You continue, Madam, acquiring new Glories to your Perswasions, by maintaining Paradoxes against your Beauty, which will be always perfect in it self, though not in your Opinion.

Sir, If I am perfect, I know my self, and if I know my self, I may be permitted to stile my self very poor in Merit. But you would perswade the contrary to exercise your Parts; knowing it a greater honour to vanquish Truth, than to sustain it.

Madam, The design which I have to serve you, may give you Testimony sufficient of that Power which you have to dispose of me. Yet I see no reason that the belief which I have taken of your

Beau-

Beauty, with the clearest Judgment, should be swallowed up by your unbelieving Opinions.

They say that Contrariety animates Persons the more, and therefore I shall be silent, that I may hinder these unjust Praises. Perhaps you will have pity on my feeble resistance, and will be weary of Conquering so easily.

Madam, 'Tis my self that ought rather to keep silence, being my self so lately in an Astonishment. But as for you, it would be a Sin against your fair Lips, whose Words are Oracles.

Then, pray, Sir, Why do you not believe all I say, since all Oracles are Truth?

Why, Madam, will you still go about to hinder by perswasion, the belief which I have taken with Sight and Judgment. For I will believe your Beauty against all your unbelief and undervaluings, and will also continue the Service which I have sworn you, against any thing that shall hinder it. Future Ages shall admire your Merit, and my Servitude.

I fear me, Time will alter this Opinion.

Madam, Time can do nothing against what Love has Ordained. But wherefore this superfluity of Speech? It is more necessary for me, at this time to demand of you remedies for this Retirement, the Apprehension of which makes me endure no small trouble.

Sir, It behoves you only to forget your design of serving me, and you will soon avoid the pains that you fear;

No, Madam, I will keep the Memory of my design eternally, and doubt not but always to see represented before me the glory of my Enterprize. Adieu, great Beauty, you shall never cast your Eyes downward, but you shall perceive lying at your Feet, him that admires you; nor ever elevate your Thoughts to your deserts, but you shall remem-

remember your Conquest. Adieu, fairest, for now
I leave the Sun, and go to seek out Night, and
Sorrow's Cell.

The return.

I am come, Madam, to receive as much content from your Cheerful Countenance, as the loss of it has yielded me Sorrow. I know the good will now be as great as the evil, Since they proceed both from the same Cause.

Sir, I believe you receive the one, as well as you have suffered the other; but I beseech you, Sir, to tell me whence that Pain proceeds, which you say you endure. For as for my self, I believe the Pleasure of Thinking is greater than that of Seeing.

Madam, It is permitted me to think, but Experience so bids me to believe that Opinion. For I receive from my Thoughts only a good Imagination. On the contrary, the sight cannot Err.

But it is said, that the presence contents the Eyes, which are Mortal; but that absence Exercises the Soul; and therefore if my absence affected you, you might have easily avoided your Pain.

It was some good Genius that took me yesterday from your Eyes, that I might the better value the happiness of their Lustre, and avoid the extremity of that Pain, which the loss of them made me endure, causing in me such an Impatience to whom, that every hour I stay'd from you seemed an Age.

Sir, That which is foreseen is easily avoided:

Now you perceive whence the evil you speak of proceeds, yet the little occasion you have to fear it, makes you find it out willingly. Therefore blame your own desires, that have procured you this evil, and complain not of Destiny, which is always just.

Madam,

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Madam, My Will is not the Cause; for then I should flye my self, and come back to you; but Love to abuse me the more, gave me the desire, without hindred the effects; but it behoves a true Passion to overcome the violence of all opposition by a diligent constancy.

The Lover's Tryal.

Madam, If the Opportunities of serving you were as ordinary as those of speaking to you, I had rendred you as many Services as I have spoken Words. I dare not confirm them always with the same Testimonies: And since I am so little capable of perswasion, I fear I shall discover my Ignorance and not my Servitude.

Sir, I am of Opinion that the Custom of perswasion is only used there where truth is wanting, and therefore seeing you have always protested Truth, you ought now to make use of it, else you will make your Oaths and my Credit, as indifferent as your Words and Assurances would be.

The Cunning of a Discourse shall never do me such an ill office, as to make me believe an untruth. For I am Ignorant of the Custom and Invention of it, which deters me from any such Enterprize. To the end, that being warranted from the disturbance which I find between the Resolution and the Event, I may give you for an Assurance, that the whole World seeing so Noble a design as mine, will judge that I owe an Eternal Perseverance in it.

Be advised, Sir, to conform your mind to your Words; for Time will give us always Opportunities to distinguish between those that are feigned, and those that are true; for if I do not find them true, you will repent to have so vainly lost them; while I reserve to my self this Power to reject or accept of what you tender me.

Why

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Why should your belief take any Ill Impression of your Servant? I call Love, and your Beauty to Witness that I shall always preserve my self the same.

Well, Sir, I shall content my self at present with your drift, though I shall expect better Assurances.

Madam, be confident, that you shall draw as much Fidelity from your Conquest, as I expect Glory and Happiness from my Subjection.

But shall your Promises be as Faithfully performed as your Oaths?

Much more, Madam, for I can give you but weak words, which my Ignorance furnishes me withal. whereby you work Effects worthy a Glorious Death.

Could you then dye for me, Sir?

Yes, Madam, for that which would be Death to others, would be a Life to me, provided it came from your Hands.

Live then, Sir, and take care your Repentance do not kill you.

'Tis well, Madam, I shall live your Servant, and live long through the Worth of my Preserver.

The Lover demands assurance.

Fairest, it is now time that I should require some Assurance of your Friendship from you, since I cannot grant you that Authority which you have over my Affections, but the Service which I am willing to render to your Power; swear to me, therefore, that you love that which you have subdued, that I may boast my Subjection to be as well a Mark of my Glory as of your Puissance.

Think you, Sir, that what is enslaved by the Eyes, can be beloved by the Heart.

Dear Lady, Why should you not affect that Love,

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Sir, which you your self have created? Would
you cause it to be Born, and Dye at the same In-
stant? That would be the Act of an unconstant Soul.
Tis you, Sir, that run the hazard of being cal-
led by that name: For if Love proceed from Me-
lancholy, you will soon find some one more worthy your
affection than my self.

Madam, I shall never be so vain as to look after
more Signal worth than that which you possess.
So, Madam, take Council of your own Worth,
and it will shew how impossible it is to change the
your Election I have made.

But, Sir, they say, That Love is not always of
the same Judgment; so 'tis to be feared that you
may make use of those agreeable Varieties, that
Love every day presents to unfaithful Lovers.

Madam, May he banish me from his Empire,
if I have any other Will, but what is agreeable to
his? He sees I am yours, so his Power, and my
Will are agreed. My Designs concur with his de-
Commands.

Sir, I do not believe that Love himself could
force you to Love.

He feared, Madam, lest he should be made him-
self a Slave. He has no force able to resist your
Puissance, unless it be your own.

Since therefore you have vanquished all the
World, there nothing now remains, but that you
vanquish your self.

Sir, I can do any thing but vanquish, having
neither Will nor thought, which does not render
Obedience to that Duty, which I have taken to
be the perfect Guide of my Life,

Madam, you oppose your Designs to my Pray-
ers, to the end, this refusal should redouble my
Passion, and cause me to persist more eagerly in
the pursuit of your Tempting Graces. Yet it
suffice

suffices that the Pain and difficulties of the acquisition will remain the Glory of my Conquest,

If Pain and Difficulty can create your Glory, why do you complain?

I repine not at the Pain, but at your unkindness that will not acknowledge it. But if it be not so, I conjure your fair Lips to produce some Assurance of your Friendship.

Well, Sir, Then I promise your Servitude, acknowledge it for the price of your Constancy and believe this, That as my true Passion only obliges me, so there is no Adjuration shall have power over me.

Madam, I wish I could transforme my whole Will into Words, to render sufficient Thanks for this favourable promise: But since I am not capable of such a Happiness, I will only say that That he to whom your Favours are so liberal extended, shall pass the rest of his days in your Service.

The Lover satisfied.

Madam, The day on which you made an entire Conquest of my Soul and Affections, I had a Thousand Jealousies of my Misfortunes; for the fairest Conquests are always Crossed. But since my good Fortune has deceived my Apprehensions, therefore by how much your Affection is the more extraordinary, the more carefully shall I keep the Obligation which I have to serve you.

Sir, Your Service is a Happiness, which my desire rather Enjoys, than my hope, and there is reason for it, seeing you the Possessor of so many Rich Qualities.

Alas! Madam, I must henceforward be a Possessor of nothing, since I must take all from myself, to bestow it upon her, for whose sake I can willingly suffer my self to Robb'd of all.

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Sir, When I shall Enjoy that Happiness, the Gift will be much greater, than all I yet can call my own.

Teach me, Madam, how I may swear, and you shall see what use I will make of it, to assure you that I am wholly yours, and that whatever Love gives you, cannot be taken away but by Death.

Sir, Be confident, I shall seek all Opportunities to deserve you, and receive these words, for the most infallible that ever Love swore.

Madam, I shall live always at your Devotion.

And I, Sir, living to you, shall live to my self.

Then, Lady, let us tie our Souls together with Kifs. And this Enterprize having given me so much joy as to think of it, I will go Sacrifice my self to your Judgment.

To introduce a Friend into Company.

Ladies and Gentlemen, knowing you were here, I am come to have the Honour to see you, and moreover, on the Confidence of your Favour, I have taken the boldness to bring this Gentleman along with me, being a Person that deserves much for the Act.

The Company.

Since, It is a singular Contentment to us, to see you and your Friend shall be always welcome. Our Devotion is dedicated wholly to your service. But as for these Ladies, we cannot so dispose of them, it lies on your part, and his, to deserve their Favour.

The Strangers Reply.

Gentlemen, I durst not have so far presum'd to come into your Company, being a Person altogether unknown, had not this Gentleman, my self, put me under the shelter of his Favour. The Honour which you shew me for his sake, obliges me infinitely: And as for these Ladies, their Ex-

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To introduce a Friend into Company.

Ladies and Gentlemen, knowing you were here, I am come to have the Honour to see you, and moreover, on the Confidence of your Favour, I have taken the boldness to bring this Gentleman along with me, being a Person that deserves much respect.

The Company.

Sir, It is a singular Contentment to us, to see you; you and your Friend shall be always welcome. Our Devotion is dedicated wholly to your service. But as for these Ladies, we cannot so dispose of them, it lies on your part, and his, to deserve their Favour.

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D

cellent

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cellent Beauty and Affability seem to promise me this Happiness; that at least my presence shall not displease them, and that if they will permit me the Favour of their Society, I may have some hopes to gain a farther Interest in their Affections.

The Ladies.

Sir, We should shew our selves as much unprovided of Judgment, as we esteem our selves of Beauty, if we should not regard that worth, which your Friend and ours gives so large a Testimony, and which your Behaviour and Language discovers sufficiently of it self: You need not doubt but that you're look'd upon with a good Eye by every one of us, and that we all desire to give you that Honour which is your due.

The Strangers.

Ladies, You oblige me with so much Civility and Respect, that I shall bear your eternal Gratitude; this my unhappiness, that I have not an Opportunity to render you that Service which may equal your deserts; yet I shall not cease to offer to you, beseeching you to receive it with as good a Will, as I offer it unfeignedly.

The Ladies.

Sir, You exceed in your Courtesie, we are satisfied enough with the Honour of your presence, and with the due Contentment which we receive from your acceptable Company.

The Stranger.

Perhaps, Ladies, You do not esteem my Service worthy your Deserts; yet for all that, I shall omit any Opportunity to testify how much I honour and Adore you.

A Gentleman.

Sir, We are going to have a Game; will you please to make one? or do you like it better to Entertain the Ladies?

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Sir, I am very well here, and though I have to do with the Stronger Party, yet I shall try my Fortune among 'em.

Ladies.

Sir, You will have a hard Task to be a gainer here.

Stranger.

Ladies, I care not for any loss, so I may gain a Part in your good Affections.

A particular Lady.

I fear, Sir, you will have but small Contentment in our Entertainment.

Stranger.

Ladies, Had I no other Happiness but that of seeing you, there is enough to ravish all my Senses, so much do I behold of Grace and Beauty, that I believe *Paris* himself, beheld not more Perfection in the three Goddesses.

A Repartee.

Sir, Had they an Apple of Gold to Bribe you withal, the Ladies might sooner perswade you into such an Opinion of their Beauty.

Stranger.

There needs no such Bribe, Madam, to make me confess the Truth: Besides, Ladies, I doubt not but that the excellency of your Mind is Correspondent to the Beauty of your Faces, and that there are not more Charms in your Words, than Wonders in your Thought, which makes me prefer the Happiness of your Company before that of any other.

Stranger.

Ladies, Your Modesty shall not make me forget my Duty, which is to admire and publish your Perfections, and to honour them with all my power; but if you shall not think me worthy of such a Task, 'tis my comfort I have met with such pleasing Enemies.

To Initiate an Acquaintance

Sir, I count it a singular Happiness to have me with this acceptable Company, since it has been a means to bring me into your Acquaintance.

Sir, If the good Fortune that brought us together into this place, did put into my Hands also the means to make my Acquaintance profitable, for your Favour esteems it acceptable, I should think myself self happy in a double manner.

Sir, Your Words oblige me to make a great Esteem of your Happiness; and indeed, it was my Intention to proffer you my most humble Service, had not you doubly obliged me, by preventing me with the offer of your good Affection, for which I give you my most cordial Thanks, and beseech you to accept Reciprocally of mine.

Sir, I accept the Offer which you are pleased to make me, but on Condition that I may Merit by all means possible.

Sir, You would oblige me farther than my Power is able to acknowledge. It shall be sufficient for me to have the Honour of your good Will, and the Liberty of coming sometimes to receive your Commands.

Sir, I say nothing how far my Duty does oblige me, I beseech you only to believe that the Affection which I have put in Practice, is sincere and shall appear upon the first occasion.

Notwithstanding, there is nothing I shall more desire than the Honour of waiting on you at my own House, where, Sir, you shall ever be most Welcome.

Plea

Pleasant Dialogues.

*Greatness despised.**Don Peter and Olivia.***PET.** Madam, I kiss your Hands.*Olivia, Oh! Mr. Peter.**Pet. The Humblest of your Servants.**Oliv.* Sir, It becomes not your Birth and Blood to stoop to such a Title.*Pet.* I must confess, dear Lady, that I do carry in my Blood, a more precious Honour than other Men, and Blood of a deep Crimson, but you shall call me any thing.*Ol.* Truly, Sir, not I, it becomes not me to change your Title, altho' I could desire you were less Honourable.*Pet.* Why, Lady, is it a fault to spring from Nobility? 'Tis true, there are some have sold Well-favour'd Lordships to be Ill-favour'd Noblemen; and though I wear no Title of the State, I can adorn a Lady.*Ol.* That's my Misfortune, I would you could not, Sir.*Pet.* Are you the worse for that? Consider, Lady.*Ol.* I have considered, and could wish with all my heart, you were not half so Noble, or indeed no Gentleman.*Pet.* How, Lady!*Ol.* Nay, if you give me leave to speak my Thoughts, I could wish you were a Fellow two degrees beneath a Foot-man, or that had no Hundred unless Knights of the Post. Nay worse, with your Pardon, Sir, in the Humour I am in, I wish heartily you were a Son of the People.

Pet. Good Madam, give me your Reason.

Ol. Because I Love you.

Pet. There can few Women wish so ill to tho
they Love.

Ol. They do not Love like me then.

Pet. Say you so.

Ol. Alas! Sir, My Wealth is a Begger's, and the
Title of a Lady, which my Husband left me, is
meer shadow to that which you bring to enable me
'Tis out of my Love, that I desire you such a one
that I might add to you, and you may be created
by my Wealth, and made great by me, for then
my bare Love would appear; but as you are,
must receive Additions from you.

Pet. Why, hark you, Lady, no Body here
could you love me, if I were less Honourable?

Ol. Honourable! Why you cannot be so base
I would have you; that so the World might say
my Marriage gave you somewhat.

Pet. Say you so; why if that will do you a Plea
sure, under the Rose, there be Lords that call me
Cousin, 'tis true, but I am——

Ol. What?

Pet. Suspected.

Ol. How?

Pet. Not to be Lawful——, for I come in at the
Wicket—— some call it the Window.

Ol. Can you prove it?

Pet. Ne'er doubt it, Madam, 'tis most certain.

Ol. Then I prefer you before all my Suitors
Sir William Gallant, and *Sir Thomas Hector* are
both Mountebanks.

Pet. What say you to the Colonel?

Ol. A meer *Lanspresado*. I am Transported
with Joy; but do you not flatter me? Shall I trust
to this? Will you not be Legitimate when we
are Married? For you Men are too deceitful to
simple Ladies.

Pet.

Pet. I'll bring the Midwife if you'll Marry me.

Ol. Well then, say no more, provide things necessary, and all shall be dispatched.

Pet. I guess your meaning, Lady, and thus seal my best Devotion.

The Bridal-Night Discourses.

Ferenomo, Julia..

Jer. Will you not come to Bed, my Dear, why do you delay? Come——let me help you.

Jul. To Bed, Sweet-heart! Why, art thou Sleepy?

Fer. No, but I shall be worse if thou art Sad and Melancholy: Come——prithee, my Dear, let's to Bed. Why dost blush? Let me undress thee, be not so coy, but smile.

Jul. Alas! I find my self not well, my Love.

Fer. That's only Bashfulness, my Dear, I'll make you well; there's no such Physick for you, as your warm Husband's Arms.

Jul. Be not so hasty, Dearest, we steal not our Content---there's time enough.

Fer. Do you already cease to Love me?

Jul. No, think it not, for I love thee dearly.

Fer. To Bed then, and I shall give better Credit to thee; be not so cold a lover.

Jul. Give me leave a little to admire and contemplate thy outward Graces.

Fer. Come, come--you dally--off with your Ornaments for the day. they look unseemly now--clip that Lace, that is more happy than thy dear Husband, to embrace thee--off with that Gorgeous Peticoat, that hides those pleasures which ought more to be revealed.

Ful. My Passion is now over, and now, Dear Joy, I haste to thy Embraces.

Fer. Welcome my Comfort and Delight, and thus I fold my Arms about thee.

Ful. And thus about thee, my Dear bliss, I twine like Female Ivy.

Fer. Let's put our Bodies and our Minds together, and make up the Concord of Affection. Come let me kiss thee, let me kiss again, and multiply them to an infinite increase.

Ful. Spare not, they are thine own, dear Heart.

Fer. Let's tumble in Delight, and draw out the Minutes in dear Embraces. There is no difference between us and Princes; for our Contentment is full as great as theirs. What a Waste, what a Breast, what a Belly's here! Then sweetest let us enter Loves *Elysium*, and bid good Night unto thy Maiden-head.

The Despairing Lover.

Tancred and Rogero.

TAN. How now, what's the matter, Rogero?

Rog. I am ill, exceeding ill.

Tan. Troth——that's not well.

Rog. Sure I Surfeited last Night at the Old Man's House.

Tan. Surfeit! Why did you eat any thing against Stomach?

Rog. Truly I had a Stomach to one Dish, and then not tasting it, makes me Sick at Heart.

Tan. Was it Fish or Flesh?

Rog. 'Twas Flesh sure——if I hit the mark right.

Tan. I believe 'tis the missing a Mark which you long

long to hit, which makes you draw Sighs instead of Vows.

Rog. Would I had been a thousand Leagues off, when I sat down at Table. Alas! my dear *Tancred* 'twas there I drank my Bane, the strongest Poison that ever Man drew from a Ladies Eyes, and now it swells in me.

Tan. Then by casting your Water, I perceive you would have a Medicine for the Green-sickness.

Rog. 'Tis a Green Wound, I must confess.

Tan. Tent it, tent it——keep it from rankling, you are over Head and Ears in Love.

Rog. I am—— and with such Mortal Arrows pierced, that I shall fall down.

Tan. There's no hurt in that.

Rog. Nay, I shall die, unless her pity sends me a quick and sweet Recovery.

Tan. And what Doct^r's is it must call you Patient?

Rog. The fair *Bewcynthia*, old *Arnoldo's* Wife.

Tan. How *Bewcynthia*! Can no Feather fit you but the Breach in an Old Man's Hat? Had you not dainty Dishes enough, but you must long for that which the Master of the House sets up for his own Tooth.

Rog. Love is not tied to Laws, Why do you speak this Language?

Tan. Love! 'Tis a Disease as common among Young Gallants, as swaggering and drinking Tobacco; What a foolish thing 'tis to be drawing on for a Woman, as if he were puffing and blowing at a strait Boot, and to Morrow be ready to knock at Death's Door?

Rog. Alas! That will be my Disease ——

Tan. Pish —— think not on't——'twill Vanish. 'Tis but a Worm between the Skin and the Flesh, and may be taken out with a Waiting Woman's Needle as well as the best Ladies. D 5 Rog

Rog. If this be all your Comfort, wou'd you leave me.

Tan. Leave thee in Sicknes? I had more need provide thee Cawdles, and send for a Nurse: For mark thee, *Rogero*, Despair for a Woman is the poorest and most Degenerate thing in the World. They hang about Men's Neck's, in some places like Hops upon Poles.

Rog. Her Walls of Chastity cannot be beaten down.

Tan. Walls of Chastity! Walls of Wafer-cake! I have known a Woman carry a Feather-bed and a Man in her Mind, and yet cast up her Eyes to the Streets like a Puritan.

Rog. You do but stretch me on the Rack, and with Lingring, encrease my pain: Be rather pitiful and ease my Torments.

Tan. Well, since you take me to be so cunning I'll tell you my Medicine.

Rog. I shall for ever thank you.

Tan. First send for your Barber, and let him rubbings quicken your Spirits. Then Whistle your Gold-Finches, your Gallants, to your Fists.

Rog. You are Mad, you are Mad, or no Friend?

Tan. Then into a Tavern, have your Musick play your brave Dance, and Whiff Tobacco till your pipe splits again and split.

Rog. You split my Heart in peices.

Tan. Do thus till the Moon cuts off her horns. Laugh in the Day, Sleep in the Night — Wenching Fire will soon out.

Rog. Away, away, — for I can hear no more.

Courtship in a Friend's behalf.

Arnoldo, Clarinda.

AR. Save you, fair Lady, all Health and your own Wishes be upon you,

Clar. If that be all ——— I thank you Sir ———

Ar. But I have business to ye too, beyond a bare Salute — 'Tis to present *Timander's* Service to you, Lady.

Clar. Well, proceed.

Ar. He is one deserves your Love, if Faith can bear the Stamp of Merit. He spends the days in Tears and Sighs, with which he counts the hours, and makes void the Minutes. Thus in sullen Grief he pines away only for love of you.

Car. How well your Tongue has learnt to Wooe? He need not fear a repulse, could he but speak his Suit in his own Name, smoothed with such Language as yours; truly I pity the poor Gentlemen, bid him rise early, keep good Company, and drink good Wine, it will cure his Melancholy.

Ar. If you return this slight Answer only, you will draw a new Disease upon him; and your Cure will only grow to a deep Wound, while he dies with the Physick.

Clar. Indeed you urge this business so well, as if he had bequeathed his Soul into your Bosom. But pray discourse this business more coolly; should I give my self to every one that would this way deserve me, I should soon be Married to a Troop of Men, and grow a lawful Strumper.

Ar. It may be so, and that Face deserves it.

Clar.

Clar. Pray Heaven, himself do not increase the Number.

Ar. But in all the heap of Suitors, there's none can boast so Vigorous a Flame as *Timander*. Every one does not testifie his Affections in Gaudy Presents, nor Wooe in the costly Language of Rich Gifts. The Stile of *Timander's* Love, is written in true Devotion, and Gold.

Clar. 'Tis true indeed, he sent me choice of Presents, and the finest Toys I could wish, but I always paid him in Civility. If he expect more, I shall recal that too. He sends me but Wares, and cheats my Cabinets with his Merchandize, which I, forsooth, must think filled with his love; and to reward him, bestow my self upon him. But Sir, I have no price set on me, nor will I pass away my self by Bargain?

Ar. He only Chaffers for Affection; he desires you would only recompence his Faith with yours, and not his Gift, if he send a Jewel cut out into a Heart, that is his own Heart, cut and wounded by your disdain. Every present carries a part of him that sent it. Did he know how to send any thing, and leave himself out; so you might easily then slight the poor single Offer; neither is he Armed with Gifts only, but durit provoke Death it self, to avoid the Face of your displeasure. He dares fight and maintain your Beauty, though he lose his own, and Paint your Face fresh with his Blood.

Clar. Here is away indeed, a fine device to defend my Beauty, that he might ruin it. That Ladies Names suffers in the Conquest; whose worth is to be decided by the Sword.

Ar. Lady, You are too severe, thus to despise, all ways that make a Suitor lovely. Yet if you doubt his Constancy, invent a Trial your self, impose some hard Task, whose Danger might shake a Faith as firm as any Rock.

Clar.

Clay. Pray Sir, release me, for I can give no Answer, I care for none that cannot speak for themselves.

A Gentleman dissuades a Lady from Marriage, for his own Ends.

Thomasso, Aurelia.

T*Ho.* By your leave. Lady, may my boldness prove Pardonable?

Au. Sir, the Name from whence you come, is a Warrant to make you welcome here.

Tho. I must confess, Lady, I hear you honour him much; but have you received him absolutely for a Suitor?

Au. 'Tis very true, Sir, and him only.

Tho. It is not gone so far, I hope.

Au. Most certainly it is — and farther too, he has Wooed and Won me.

Tho. Then I am very sorry for your hard Fortune, yet if my Councils might prevail, I shall advise you not to step a Foot farther, least you fall into a Sea of Sorrow, for you are now upon the Brink of Danger.

Au. You begin strangely, Sir, I cannot understand you.

Tho. Read o'er your former Story, consider the Quiet, the Wealth, the Pleasure, the Peace you enjoyed, the free Command of all you have, none to Command about you. Consider, on the other side, the many Cares, the Yoke you bring your Neck under.

Au. Sir, Deal freely with me, what respect moves you to this Dissuasion? Is it your Love of him, or care of me.

Tho.

Pleasant Dialogues.

Tho. I only beg your Pardon and your Mercy; but dare look no more upon you--- My stay will ruine me— adieu, sweet Lady.

The Fantastick-

Roderigo, Silvia.

Silvia. What! can you not abide a Maid, Sir;
Rod. Indeed I could never abide a Maid in my Life, Lady, but—— *Sil.* But what?

Rod. I ever draw away the Virgin, or the Virginity with a wet Finger——

Sil. You love to make your self worse than you are.

Rod. I know few mend in this World, Madam; for the worst are best thought on, the worst are best spoken of among Women.

Sil. I wonder where you have been all this while with your Sentences.

Rod. Faith where I must be again presently, I cannot stay long with you, Lady.

Sil. By my Faith but you shall not, Sir; Cuds Bodikins, what will become of you shortly, that you drive Maids before you, and after to leave Widows behind you, as unkindly, as if you had taken a Surfeit of our Sex lately, and our very fight turned your Stomach.

Rod. Cuds-my-Life, you abuse me, now never trust me, if it were not a good Revenge to help her to the loss of her Widow-hood.

Sil. That were a Revenge and an half, indeed.

Rod. Nay, it were but a whole Revenge, Lady, but such a Revenge as would more than observe the true Rule of a Revenge.

Sil.

Tho. It cannot be Love to him, Lady, to seek to cross him in so great a hope as enjoying you. It is my care, that you should be free from such a Dishonour and Vexation as he would be. He is become the scorn of his Acquaintance, his Friends Trouble. The several Trades to which he has such deep Engagements, as Goldsmiths, Silk-men, Milliners, Taylors, Seamsters, Vintners; all do but wait to pay themselves out of your Estate. 'Twould grieve you I believe, Lady, to discover all.

Au. Yet I cannot understand how this proceeds from care of me.

Tho. Consider, Lady.

Au. I have considered before and now; but it moves not my stedfast Thoughts. I could use words against you, but it is poor to boast of Love.

Tho. Lady, You are a Woman of the Noblest and Calmest Temper, that ever I met withal.

Au. Truly Sir, I believe you expected Railing, but that's a way which only Common Women use.

Tho. I am strangely taken, methinks I stand like a false Witness against another's Life, ready to take my Punishment.

Au. Sir, I can pardon, and think all this brought to no ill purpose.

Tho. I would I had never seen you so contrary to all Opinion. People say you were uncivil froward, and full of Womanish Distemper; but you are opposite in all.

Au. Your Commandments are much above my Deserts.

Tho. Alas! My purpose was to save my Friend from such a hazard. I am now fallen in my self, either to wrong my Friend, or burn in lawless Love. Farewel, Divinest Creature.

Au. Will you be going Sir?

Tho.

Sil. I know your Rule before you utter it. *Be revenged on thy Enemy, but without damage to thy self.*

Rod. Most rare Lady, this it is to be Learned. Learning in Women, is like Lustre in Diamonds.

Sil. But tell me—— How could you find in your Heart to stay so long from me?

Rod. Why, You are so smeared with this wilful Widows three Years Weed, that I never come to you, but I dream of Corps, Sepulchres, and Epitaphs, all the Night after; and therefore adieu, Lady.

Sil. Beshrew my Heart, you must not go this three hours.

Rod. Three Hours! How shall I do to spend the Time?

Sil. Pray tell me, How does my Cousin?

Rod. Why very well, Lady, and so is my Friend too: and then let me tell you, there is as worthy a Gentleman as any in *England* well.

Sil. But when did you see my Cousin?

Rod. Nay, and he shall be well and do well, if all my Estate will make him well.

Sil. Sir you are very Dancitive methinks.

Rod. Oh! Madam, If you had the same Reason that I have, it would make you very Dancitive too: or else you were Duncitive I'faith.

Sil. But can you tell me, say you, of any thing that will make me Dance?

Rod. Well, Farewel Lady, I must needs take my leave in earnest.

Sil. Bless us! here is such a stir with your Farewells.

Rod. I will see you again within two or three days, on my word, Lady.

Sil. Cuds Precious! Two or three days! Why Sir, you are in a marvellous strange Humour, sit down,

down, sweet Sir, I must talk with you about great Matters.

Rod. Say then, Dear Lady, be short, and utter your Mind quickly.

Sil. But pray, Sir, tell me first, what's that would make me Dance I'faith?

Rod. Dance! What Dance? Hitherto your Dancers legs bow forsooth, and Caper, and Jerk, and Firk, and dandle the Body above them, as it were their great Child; though the special Jerker be above this place, I hope there lies that should fetch a Woman over the Coles I'faith——.

Sil. Nay, good Sir, say what's the thing you could tell me of.

Rod. No matter, no matter. but let me see a passing prosperous Forehead of an exceeding happy distance betwixt the Eye-brows, a clear lightning Eye, a temperate and fresh Blood in the Cheeks, excellent Marks of good Fortune.

Sil. Why, how now, Sir, did you never see me before?

Rod. But the State of these things must be specially observed at this time; and outward Signs being now in this clear Elevation, shew your troubled mind is in an excellent Capacity to prefer them to Act forth more than a little.

Sil. This is excellent.

Rod. The *Crisis* here, is Superlatively good, the proportion of the Chin good, the Aptness of it to stick out, good, and the Wart above it most exceeding good; never trust me, if all things are not answerable to the Prediction of a most Divine Fortune towards you. Now, if you have the Grace but to apprehend it in the Nick, there's all.

Sil. Well, Sir, since you will not tell me your Secret, I will keep another from you. For the disco-

discovery may much pleasure me, and thy concealment hurt my Estate.

Rod. Nay, then it shall instantly forth. This Conjurat[i]on even Fires it out of me. Now, to be short, gather all your Judgment together, for now it comes. Lady, young *Valentine*, rather my Soul than my Friend, is of too substantial a worth to have any Figures cast about him. He, notwithstanding all other Women with Empires could not stir his Affection, is with your Vertues most extreemly in Love, and without your Requitall, Dead.

Sil. You amaze me, Sir,--- Is this the Wonderful Fortune you presage?

Rod. Nay, Peace, good Lady, I come not to Ravish you to any thing. But now I see how you accept my Motion. Have I rid all this Circuit to Levy the Powers of your Judgment, that I might not prove their Strength too suddenly with the Violence of the Charge, and do they Fight it out in White Blood, and shew me their Heads in the soft Crystal of Tears?

Sil. Sir, Oh you have wounded your self in charging me, that I should shun Judgment as a Monster, if it would not weep; I place your Felicity in this World, in a worthy Friend- and to see him so unworthily Revolted, I shed not the Tears of my Brain, but the Tears of my Soul. And if ever I made Tears the effects of any worthy Cause, I am sure I now shed them worthily.

Rod. Your Sensual Powers are up I'faith; I have thrust your Soul quite from her Tribunal. But why weep you, Lady, for the Wound of my Friendship? And is my Friendship thus Touch'd, for wishing my Friend double in your Singular Happiness?

Sil. How am I doubled when my Honour and good

good Name, two such Essential parts of me, would be less and less,

Rod. In whose Judgments?

Sil. In the Judgment of the World.

Rod. Which is a Fool's Bolt: For nothing is more remote from Truth, than the Vulgar Opinion. But, Lady, 'tis true, that your Honour and good Name, as the Species of Truth, are worthily, two Essential parts of you, but as they consist in Titles and corruptible Blood, and care not how many base and enormous Acts they commit; they touch you no more than they do Eternity. And yet no Nobility you have in either, shall be impaired neither.

Sil. Not to marry a poor Gentleman.

Rod. Respect him not so, for as he is a Gentleman, he is Noble; as he is wealthy furnished with true Knowledge, he is Rich; and therein adorn'd with the exactest Complements belonging to everlasting Nobility.

Sil. Which will not maintain him a Week; such kinds of nobleness give no Coats of Honour, nor can get a Coat of Necessity.

Rod. Then it is not substantial Knowledge, but Verbal, and Fantastical,

Sil. Why does he seek me then?

Rod. To make you join Partners with him in all Things. And there is but a little partial difference betwixt you, that hinders that Universal joynture.

Sil. Good Sir, be content, I cannot hearken to your perswasion.

Rod. I have more than done, Lady, and had rather have suffered an Alteration of my being, than of your Judgment; yet I have done my Duty, and so farewell, sweet Lady.

The Widow's Grief.

Abigail and Dry-Boots.

A *Bigal.* Now help me good Heavens, 'tis such an uncouth thing to be a Widow out of Term time, I do find such Anguish, Qualms, and Dumps, and Fits, and Shakings still an end. I lately was a Wife, I do confess, but yet I had no Husband. He alas! was dead to me, even when he lived, I was a Widow, while he had breath, his Death only made others know so much.

Dry. Why so Melancholy, Sweet?

Ab. How could I choose, when thou wert not here? I hope the time is come, that thou wilt be as good as thy word to me.

Dry. Nay, hang me, if ever I Recant. You'll take me both Wind and Limb, at a Venture, will you not?

Ab. Ay good Chuck, every Inch of thee; she were no true Woman that would not.

Dry. I must tell one thing though, and yet I am loath.

Ab. I am thy Rib, thou must keep nothing from thy Rib, good Chuck, thy Yoke-Fellow must know all thy Secrets.

Dry. Why, I'll tell thee, Sweet, I have no thing.

Ab. Heaven defend.

Dry. 'Tis very true.

Ab. Now God forbid, and would you offer to undo a Widow Woman so? I had as live the O Vintner were alive again.

Dry. Nay, I was not born without it, I confess but lying in *Turky* for Intelligence, the great T

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being somewhat suspicious of me, lest I might entice some of the *Seraglio*, gave command, that I should be forthwith curbed.

Ab. 'Twas a Heathenish Deed. there's none but an Infidel could have had the Heart to have done it.

Dry. Now you know the world that you must trust to it; come let's to Church. Besides there is another thing which does something trouble me: E're now I have had a spice of the *Covent-Garden* Gout, or so.

Ab. I do not ask thee about these Diseases; my Question is, Whether thou hast all thy Parts?

Dry. Faith, you'll not be answered, I have lost a Joint or so. For there are few Soldiers that come off whole, unless it be the General, and some few Sneaks.

Ab. Ay, but my meaning is, whether something is not wanting that should write thee Husband.

Dry. Ne'er fear that, Widow, for all my Talk. But I am Jealous, leatt the Memory of your Husband should Extinguish all Flames that tend to kindle any Love Fire.

Ab. I do confess, I do bear him in Memory, but when I remember what your promise was, when I lay Sick, it takes something from the bitterness of my Sorrow. I tell thee, Woman was not made to be alone.

Dry. Tender things at Seventeen may use that Plea, but you are arriv'd at *Matron*: I suppose, these young Sparks are rak'd up in Sager Embers.

Ab. Nay, do not abuse her that must be your Wife! you might have Pity, and not come with your Nick-Names, Have I deserved this?

Dry. If you once hold Merits, I have done; I am glad I know what Religion you are of.

Ab. What's my Religion? 'Tis well known, there has been no Religion in my House, since my Husband

hand-Died. Yet if you can leave me, I can leave you—, There are other Men enough that won't refuse a proffer when 'tis offered.

Dry. Well I must be gone, think on it, and so Farewel.

Country Wooing between *Dick* and *Doll*.

D*ick.* *Doll,* My pretty Chicken, How dost do? How fares thy Body? dost not think me almost lost?

Doll. I gave thee for lost in good Faith, and was in the Humour to have married another Man.

Dick. Why zure thou wer't not? Thou didst but jest I know.

Doll. Truly I was, nor could you blame me for it. Is't not a Torture, think you, to stay seven Years without a Husband's company?

Dick. Methinks my Horns begin to bud already. They are very knotty; I wish thou hast not grafted something there already. I begin to suspect it shrewdly by diverse Signs and Tokens; how comes your Belly high, Wife?

Doll. 'Tis nothing but a Tympany that troubles me sometimes.

Dick. I believe thee: How long is it since thou perceivest it to grow upon thee?

Doll. About two Months since: The Doctor tells me I shall be very free of it speedily.

Dick. He is a Fool——I am a better Doctor than he, thou shalt be free about fourteen Weeks hence, or thereabouts. Come, thou art a Whore, and hast abused my Honest Bed, I'll have thee before Mr. Justice.

Doll.

Doll. Spare me dear gentle *Dick*--and hearken to my Counsel a little ; since thou art a Cockold (as I do not deny) choose whether thou wilt wear thy Horns on thy Forehead, or put them in thy Pocket.

Dick. Why then I am a Cockold it seems ?

Doll. I cannot say against it truly, and speak the Truth. If I should, this mark of my Fortune, here deeply stamp'd, would betray me. — There-fore make no Proclamation of thy Forked Order.

Dick. Did my Neighbour do so ?


Doll. Yes, But he afterwards repented it.

Dick. Thou hast devis'd a pretty Defence for thy self, it is best to follow thy Counsel and say nothing, rather than stir this bad thing, and make it stink the more.

Doll. You may do what you please, but I have told you the best Course.

Dick. So then let it be ——— I have Travelled well I Trow, to Father a Child at my Return, of which I ne'er begot so much as the least Finger. If this be the Fruits of Travelling, God deliver me from Travelling any more. Come *Doll*, we are both Friends, do so no more, and all is forgotten.

Doll. 'Tis as you stay at home and keep me warm ; but if you Ramble, have at your Head.



Love Letters, and Letters of Complements.

*To his Mistress, in Acknowledgment
of the kindness of her Letter.*

Lady, I am no less obliged to you for your Letters, than for your Entertainment. Although I have not Judgment enough to censure their goodness; I am not so unfortunate, as not to taste of their sweetness. I must entreat you believe me, and not to forbear to make me happy with them; you know not how I may accomplish and improve my self, being instructed by your Excellent Copies; which if I cannot teach to my self, I will at least shew them to those that shall render them excellent by their Imitation. For certainly without Flattery, all Nature had need put her self into Action, to find out your Equal. Lady, I do with all seriousness acknowledge. That it is too great an Ambition for me, either to stile my self your Scholar, or your Servant.

*An Excuse of too easie belief of
False Reports.*

Lady, I am impatient till I see you, that I may between your Hands abjure all false Opinions. Only be pleased so to despise your self, that you may accept of my Recantation. By my last letters you might perceive, that I had let in some false Reports had almost poisoned the fair Soul of my belief. But as soon as I received the Characters

your Hand, and perused the Simplicity of that
 naked Truth, wherewith you put my Suspicions
 to flight, I soon came to my self. I was ever con-
 tent, whatever false Rumour foully divulged,
 that a Person of your Noble Deportment, knew
 how to preserve your self in the greatest Contagi-
 on, and that you could run no other Peril, in those
 adventures, but that of being Imported. You ex-
 press in your Letter some obscure Conjectures
 concerning me; I perceive we were both tainted
 with the same Imperfection. Lady, Such Jeal-
 oussies, though they are dangerous, if dispersed,
 are the greatest Confirmation of future Love.
 It was no great matter which of us changed our
 opinion first. The thick Breath is now gone off
 from the clear Crystal of our then Blemished Af-
 fections. I assure you now I have suffered my self
 to be perswaded by your Reasons; as for your
 objections, they were not worth the confuting.
 Thus, Lady, you see how easily I am cured of
 this Sickneſs, being wholly disposed to believe and
 obey you, and to be to the uttermost of my Power,
 Lady, &c.

*To her Servant, not being resolv'd to
 Marry.*

SIR, I am not yet in the mind to change the
 Blessedness of my Condition for the Purgato-
 ry of Marriage. You tell me a Wife is the Wealth
 of the Mind; but you must expect all Jealousies
 and Dislikes that may happen. Then, that she is the
 Welfare of the Heart: Which is true, when her
 Youth and Beauty, her Wit with Vertue, have
 that happy agreement between themselves, so as
 to command the Affections. But, Sir, you are not to
 E learn

learn, that those Perfections are wanting in our Sex. It were a Sin to pry farther into the Imperfections, the Terms you write on being extremely opposite. But if I am not deceived by my Reading, the Learned express, That to weaken the Strength, confound the Business of Life, empty the Purse, with a Thousand other Qualities, which when I meet you next, you be sure to hear of. Till then, wishing you the continuance of that Quiet wherein you boast to I decline this Theme of your wiving Letters to our next Society. I bid you farewell, and rest,

To his Mistress, despairing of her Favour.

M Adam, What avails it you to make me your Thorns, when I have gathered you a Flower? Why do you blame in Words, whom you have honoured in Effects, and blame him too without a Cause who cannot praise but unjustly? Moderate your Severity, seeing it offends you more than it hurts me; I have protested a thousand times, that I never was false as you thought me, though it was to no purpose you believing otherwise; it suffices for my Satisfaction that I know the truth, and that I have escaped all the ways in the World, to make you understand it, though in vain. Adieu, most cruel but yet too cruel. If you leave me, triumphing over the most worthy Subject in the World, leave you vanquished by a more faithful Lover.

A Protestation of Love.

M Adam, I have but one Soul to adore you, but one Heart to love you, and but one way to serve you. Neither have I cause to complain of my Choice, for you are a Lady that bear about you so many Charms of Beauty, rewards so full and satisfactory, that Men detest the Name of Liberty, to die under the sweet Yoak of your acceptable Servitude. If we speak of Miracles, you are the prime Example. If we discourse of Wonders, you are the Comparison. In brief, you are so perfect, that Art and Nature are in a dispute about the Frame of the Person. To say that I am your Servant, is too high for my Presumption; to call my self your Slave, is a little too glorious. Behold therefore, fairest Lady, my Sir-name here, and give me such a Name as is most pleasing to your self.

To desire a Meeting.

THe Esteem and Commendation which I have often heard my Brother publish of your Worth, I hope may excuse the Boldness which I take to address my self to you for an Affair of great Importance. It requires a longer Relation than this Paper can contain, and leis delay than you imagine. A Maid shall be at the Door to conduct you to a place of Assurance, where you shall see a Person, whose Entertainment shall supply the Brevity of this Discourse. I perswade me your Generosity will render you observant to these Desires, and that you will esteem your self indebted

to me for having given you an occasion to serve a fair Lady.

A Lady discovering her Love.

Sir,

That Heart which persuades me it was no temerity to Love, has embolden'd me to discover my self your Lover. I shall not multiply Attestations to make you believe the Truth of my Affections; my sudden Resolution is a sufficient Testimony with your singular desert. You being a Man of so noble a Quality, prescribe you the Duty to make you know this Love. I shall expect Effects rather than Promises; resolve to answer me with your sight, and consent but to will what ought secretly to be approved by the Desires of, &c.

The Flat Denyal.

Sir,

FOR what happened happily for you Yesterday, you are oblig'd to Fortune, not to Love. Now being to obey him, I am oblig'd to please others: I forbid you therefore to pretend to me any more, retracting all Promises whereon you might build your hope. Remember no more what's past, and think no more of me for the future. I am no more yours: 'Tis sufficient to let you understand you may live content with what Fortune hath already given you, without seeking any longer what you cannot obtain.

To a Lady, desirous of Writing to her.

M Adam, You desire I should write often to you : But what shall I write ? If that you are perfectly Fair, and of equal Vertue, 'tis a Truth openly known, and generally confess'd by the whole World. If that I love you as well as it is possible, I am apt to believe you do not doubt it. And when you please to ask me this Question, I am able to give you stronger Assurances than those of my Letters ; there remains then, that I can write, nothing to you, but that I have nothing to write, but what I have now written. That as for your Merits, you are without Example ; so I for my Love and Faithfulness, am beyond all Comparison the same. And though at length time puts an end to all things, yet the Constancy which I have vowed to you, shall be an exception to his Rules and Laws. These are not only Words, Thoughts, Vows or Hopes ; but Will, Resolution, and Protestation, accompanied with an irrevocable Oath, which I do confirm to you, out of the fear I have of giving you any occasion not to be the same to

Your Faithful and ever Loving, &c.

To make known Affection.

M Adam, It being natural to all Men to fly Death, I am at length forc'd, after much enduring, to make known that grief which consumes me. Neither have I done this without the greatest hope of success, knowing that Compassion is a thing not Humane, but Divine, and that you cannot

cannot but imitate the Deities in all their customs, who not only bow their compassionate Ears to our Complaints ; but are also urgent, that we should continually pray to them, out of a desire to bestow their Favours upon Men. This Reason, Lady, hath made me presume to believe that my Words shall not be altogether Fruitless, which are therefore bold to implore the belief of my Passions from you : while I am in a capacity to receive it, I shall expect your Answer, remaining your Servant while I live ; but shall not live, if you deny.

Inconstancy complain'd of.

I Must let you know that your Inconstancy has provoked in me more Pity, than it has procured me ill, being willing to lose the possession of that to Day, which I could not maintain till to Morrow. I say, Pity, because I have some respect to your Honour, which is more interested in that Action than in any Contentment. I pray Heaven this Lightness may give you as much Satisfaction as it caused you Blame in the Eye of the World. I shall always be glad of any good Fortune that shall happen upon you, as making Profession to be still, &c.

To a Lady that tax'd him of Jealousie.

MAdam, I have received your Letter this Morning, wherein I find my self reprehended for being so Jealous of you. Lady, knew you the Love that I bear you, you would not at all accuse me ; for from hence appears the vertue of your Looks, which are able to make the very Ice in
self

self to burn. And of this my own Heart is witness; for now as it were, enclosed with Adamant, it fears no other Darts, the force of which has Blunted a Thousand that have since been shot against it; which when it felt the splendor of your Eyes, was wounded in a hundred places. Fairest Lady, although the pledge of your Love be such, that it is past my doubt to lose it, yet infinite are the Causes why I should not be accused for my fear. The one, because your Beauty so transcends, that I may easily think you the Object of other Mens Hearts and Desires. Besides, it is most natural, that he who gains with the greatest diligence and labour, should be always careful of his Gains. Whoever gained a thing with more pain, than I have gained your Love? Who with more desire of Body and Mind? Who with more assaults of tormenting pain? Wonder not, dearest, therefore, if this create a Jealousie in me; wonder not if I often press to you the Love and Faith which should make me dear to you. These two things are without Example: More shall I not now express; only entreating from you how I may find a way to speak to you, and feed my covetous Eye with your sight, which can no longer endure to fast.

To his Indifferent Mistress.

Madam,

I Should live ill satisfied, as well from you as from my self, might I not complain of the ill you do me, of which the little care you take is yet more cruel than the Evil it self. That feeble Spark of Reason which rests to me amidst the blindness of so much Amazement, lets me see in you so much indifference, as not see it. I should take it for a

Blessing to have lost my sight. I know well you will accuse me of Raving, but to complain with Reason of an Ill suffer'd without a cause, is not to Rave. The long continuance of my Service, Madam, and the advantages my Affection gives me before all such as honour you, make me presume I hold in your Affection, yet some place above the common sort, and you have told me so; but Suiting ill your Deeds unto your Words, there is no Company so ill, the Entertainment and Converse of which you have not still preferred to mine. Madam, I will not Comment on your Actions, your Deportment being so just on my behalf, that even the Ills you do me, do yet seem good to me. But I complain on Heaven, that has bestowed on me so little Merit, and so boundless Love, according to which proportion, the one leaves me to adore and honour you, the other invites you to disdain and scorn me. Nor can I also deny, but that it seems extremely cruel to me, to see you hearken to any other Speech, than that of my Complaint: Nor that I conceive not an ill Opinion of my self, by the slight esteem which you have of my sufferings. Yet, Madam, since you are so well pleas'd, I shall conform me to your Humours, and make you see that I have no content at all, but in what pleases you. But if my frequent Visits render my Passion Importunity, I shall most humbly beg, that you will accuse your own Perfections of the Faults, that in the Image of such Beauties, have caus'd me to Adore even Cruelty it self, and to seek the vain Shadow of Contentment in a most Sure and Real Martyrdom.

*An Answer.**Sir,*

I Expected the least of any thing such a Letter from you, whom I believed was better than ever satisfied in my Deportment and Intentions: You judge both of the one and the other, rather by Opinion than by Reason, and falsely accuse me to have done you ill, since I have neither had the Power nor Will, and that you can never read the Good I wish you. You have little Cause to say, that I will accuse you of Raving, when you call to mind how I have promised to love you more than others. This Truth methinks should hold sufficient place in your belief, to hinder that any other Impressions should ever usurp the room. But if you take the pains to remember your self of what you complain, and chiefly of the Compliance, wherewith I gratified all the World without taking notice of you, you will find they are but Complements to which Civility inviteth and obligeth me, and that they have been more liberally imparted to your self than any Man: I am never importun'd by your Visits, but on the contrary, they have been so valued by me, that I desire the continuance, on condition you give no more Faith to any thing averse to the esteem which I have of your Demerits.

*Letters of Courtship.**Madam,*

Love, who violently ties my Tongue, with the same Tyranny moves my Hand, and forces me by these Characters to acknowledge the Value

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salage of my Heart already contracted, and sworn by my Eyes. These Violences were very necessary to oblige me to this Testimony, which in Respect to your singular Merits, cannot be but timorous. Beauty, which is the splendour of divine Light, disdains to be ador'd and worship'd with ordinary Terms of Humanity. I know it well, yet can I practice no other way; let these Expressions, fairest Fair, be grateful to you, which issue from a Soul that glories more in being subject to you, than in its own Being. Refresh these Hopes with your Answer, which is only able to save the Life of, &c.



The Answer.

HE who yields at first Encounter, discovers his own weakness, and cannot shun the Censure of Baseness, and rather deserves hate than love: But for all this, who loves, ought not to dissemble. These therefore come to assure you, that I heartily love you; and had I not been moved by the doubt, that I should have incurred your Disdain, your Letter should not have prevented mine. Now if you have any thoughts to legitimate our Loves, by Matrimony, I shall this Night expect you at— Otherwise condemn your Affections as Timorous; and put far from you the Hopes ever to possess, &c.

Sir,

Since your Eyes forbid me speaking, pardon me if I have Recourse to this means to make you know the Affection which your Perfections have brought forth. If you are come hither to begin the

the Acquisition of all the hearts of the Kingdom, I bless my good Fortune that has made me the first of your Conquests, and ranged me without Reluctancy under your Obedience. I will be bold to hope for some part in the Honour of your good Graces, if they may be aspired to by Services eternal, and a Passion infinite, from, &c.

To his Severe Mistress.

Lady,

IF I found my self faulty, I should not be so bold, as to demand of you a reason of your Severity; but having always served you with Fidelity, I dare be bold to say, it is impossible you should wish me ill, whatever disguise you put on. It may be you would make trial of me; but if you have a design to receive my Service after a great deal of time and pains, I desire you to do it for the present, and deliver us both from the Cares and Vexations you are preparing for us. I aspire not to that sad Glory of knowing how to suffer well; though when I have endured your Cruellest Torments, you will in the end be obliged to Relent. Do that now for Affection, which you would then do for Justice, and making me so happy, you shall find me to serve you also for Justice, which I did not before but for Affection.

The Answer.

Sir,

IF you knew with what Violence I was constrained to this Mutation, I make no doubt you would Esteem me far more worthy of Praise than

than Reproach. Imagine the Power of an Austere Parent towards his Daughter under his Obedience. She may weep her fill. He Bathes himself with Joy in her Tears. Her Sorrows and Lamentations do but increase his Fury. This is the Case I am in at this present. I leave you to consider what I am able to do against so Potent an Adversary. The only Consideration which remains in me, is, That if I have lost the Quality of your Mistress, yet I will conserve while I live that of being, &c.

To a Gentleman on the loss of his Mistress.

Sir,

I Hope you will not complain of me, for taking the Lady's Picture since I leave you in Possession of the Lady her self. I cannot deny, but if I had found any Inclination in the Heart of that Fair One to pardon me, I would have contended for her Death. And I confess my Sorrows to depart, before I had given you some Testimonies of my Repentments, for the Trouble you have put me to. Yet since I have taken up a Resolution to punish none of all those that were the Cause of my miserable Misfortune, I entreat you to acknowledge my moderation, and let me make one Request to you, That when you are in Possession of the Lady, you will not insult over an unfortunate Lover, whom you have made miserable, and not put her in memory of that Inconstancy, whereof you your self have been a Consent. This is the only desire, which an unfortunate Man will ever ask of you as long as he lives who having found no Compassion in the Heart of his Friend, nor Sweetness

ness toward him in the mind of his Mistress, will for ever renounce the Society of men or women.

Madam, Since there is no King but receives a Tribute from his Subjects; permit me, I beseech you, since I am not only your Subject, but your Vassal, to give what I can, though not what I ought. As you are my Goddess, I must present you with Offerings and Oblations; as you are the Queen of my Heart, I must pay you Tribute. Therefore, I beseech you, accept of my Offering, not to let you see I am Liberal, but to shew you that I am not Covetous. I beseech you do not think I have any thoughts of purchasing your Heart by it. For I know the Price is inestimable, and that all the Gold, Diamonds, Rubies, and Pearls, which the Sun ever produc'd, are not able to pay it. And if ever I shall hope to be so blessed hereafter, as to enjoy it, I must have recourse to my Tears, Sighs and Prayers, and not Presents of Pearls and Diamonds. However, I most humbly beseech you, be not offended at my Boldness, nor take it ill from me, who having given you his whole Heart, may give you what he thinks inferior to it also. And therefore, I beseech you, do not hate me for it, nor look more coldly upon me to morrow, unless you will overwhelm with Sorrows your most humble Adorer.

The Answer.

Sir,

I Am so fully perswaded that Liberty is a Vertue, and a Vertue most Heroick, that I will never do any thing that may make you think me Guilty of its opposite Vice. And therefore I have sent back your Rich Present, and send it with

without any sharp Reprehensions ; for since you do not know how I am, I ought not to be offended at that which would be most injurious to me, if you did. Yet I must complain a little, that after so much converse with you, when I did not hide my Heart as I did my Face. you should not have so good Opinion of me, as to think I would refuse your Offer. But I will not break with you, though for no other Consideration, but to give you cause to know me better. However, to repair your Fault, I enjoin you to keep this Case which I send you, without shewing it to any one. For if you do, you shall never see my Picture, nor my self.

To his Displeased Mistress.

Dearest Madam,

Give me leave to believe, that your Mind being cleared, I shall be free from fearing the Thunder which Rigour threatens me withal. I desire to be absolved from the Duty of obeying your Commands, which you prescribe me, to absent my self from your sight, that is to say, from my Paradise, from Justice, if not from Pity. I pretend to leave to present my self to you, to witness the Reasons I have, why I may still pretend to enjoy your Favour. I expect an opportunity to abolish the Conceits of Sacrilege ; which thought as if I had intended to offend that Deity which I always Adored, give me leave only to speak with you, that I may but discover to you in what manner Fortune was pleased to deceive you, and betray me. Then I assure my self, that my incorrupted Faith will regain your lost Affections, which is most ardently desired by, &c.

*To his absent Mistress.**Madam,*

IF my Life be considerable to you, return very quickly, that I may be cured of a mortal Sickness, which has surpris'd me by reason of your absence ; you ought to be careful in conserving me in the Passion I have of your Service ; knowing there be few in the World can give so good a Testimony of your worth, to which long ago I dedicated my self.

*To the same Effect.**Madam,*

I Have lead so sorrowful a Life since the Day of your Departure, that if I should recount it to the most insensible Souls in the World, 'tis credible they would be moved to Compassion. Yet I desire not to stir up that Passion in you, sufficing my self that you take notice of it, to the end you may make no Question of my Love, and less of my Constancy. I must tell you then, that having lost both my Appetite and Repose, I pass over whole Days without Eating, and whole Nights without Sleep. I may seek Contentment to a fair purpose in the Conversation of my Friends ; but I can find it only in Solitude, where my thoughts as ingenious as your self, to increase my Affection, represent nothing to me but Cruelty. Judge now if I be not one of the most wretched Lovers in the World. Yet my Consolation is in this, that I suffer all these Afflictions for the most worthy Subject living, and for whom I would lose a Thousand Lives, as being, &c.

To

*The Answer.**Sir,*

I Believe you suffer less Pains than you have taken to describe that which you say my absence produced in you. My Beauty, I am sure, can cause neither Sorrow nor Affliction to any Man : So that if you continue your Complaints, I shall be forced to continue my Reproaches ; cease then your Discourse of Sorrow, Grievs, Sighs, and Lamentations. It is a Language that molests me extremely, and which makes me speak thus freely to you, in the Quality of, &c.

*From a Lady by way of Expostulation.**Sir,*

THo' I can no way doubt of your Affection by reason of so many Protestations you have made upon all occasions, able to convert any Misbeliever from the strongest Opinion to the contrary, since otherwise Honour, instead of Religion, should extremely suffer by so much Falshood ; yet, whether that Love or no be of so noble a Quality, as to merit my Regard, is scarce a Question, when you dare not before the Face of an Enemy, own those professions you have so often uttered. Alas, alas, to what a miserable condition am I brought, when he that my Heart would Pleasure, is afraid to receive the Favour, because he whom I have no will to Love, is pleased to be angry. If I be grown less in Vertue than I was, when you first made those large Tenders, you ought to express wherein, that I might defend my Reputation. But if

If your Inconstancy proceed from Fancy, or want of Courage, you cannot expect I should remain the same.

The Answer.

Madam,

AS I cannot but confirm my Protestations by a Thousand other new Oaths, not only to re-assure you of my Fidelity in those pure Affections I first offered upon the Altar of my Heart to your Sacred Perfections, but must conjure your belief by all the powerful Spells of Honour and Justice, that neither the Greatness of my Rival, or Doubt of my own Safety could give the occasion to lessen those Respects so justly due from my Love to your Worth. Since I cannot only hold the greatest Person of too low a Consideration for your Thoughts, but my Life to be of too small a Value to be lost in any thing that can be possibly named by your Concernment. No, Dear Madam, it was nothing less than the Honour my Indignation apprehended, to suspect your invaluable Person might be in some danger, from the displeasure of those Friends, whose influence is so powerful for your Good or Harm. But now finding that I have a Releasement by the powerful Warrant of your Pen, the Gods shall not withhold me from performing those Services, wherein I will esteem Death a Purchase, if the Fair *Clelia* do but own the Sacrifice offer'd.

To

To his Mistress, requesting her Picture.

Madam,

I Hope that you will not take amiss the Request that I now make you; that you will please to give me your Picture, knowing that I esteem the Original more than any thing in the World. That fair Body, enlivened with so much Sweetness and Perfection, I hold in so great a Veneration, that I pine after the Shadow of it. Be pleased therefore, to ease my Impatience by the grant of this Favour, assuring your self that I shall place it among the greatest Happineses that could ever befall, &c.

The Answer.

Sir,

THE Request that you make me, to give you my Picture, is so obliging, that I am constrained to give my consent. Not at all wondring that you have before your Eyes the Image of a Person that admires you so much. Be pleased to believe this for a Truth, in recompence of that Favour which I bestow on you, as also that I shall ever continue to be, &c.

To his Mistress, requesting a Lock of her Hair.

Madam,

YOU need not wonder at that Servitude, to which you have reduc'd me; 'tis so pleasing to me, that I now request from you new Chains, by

by the Gift of a Bracelet of your Hair, to tell you how much I shall esteem that Favour, of which your Merit or my Love are only capable. And as you have the knowledge of my Requests, so shall I leave you to think of answering my Desires, as also of the Passions which I have to serve you, being more than ever, &c.

The Answer.

Sir,

Your Deserts have wrought so strong a Persuasion in me, to consent to the Favour which you request of me, that I send it you in this Letter. I shall not impose upon you the Silence which you ought to keep in this Matter, knowing your Discretion has prevented my Command. It suffices me to put you in mind, that as these are no common Favours, they require Secrecie from those that receive them. I suppose you will not forget your self in this Particular, while you remember that I am, &c.

To his Mistress after his being recovered from an Ague.

Madam,

You may very well admire to receive a Letter from one, whom long before this time, you might imagine to have been dead, a Patient which the Doctors gave over; and, who confesses himself, no Physick could have cured him, but that of your fair Presence, which carried such a Sovereignty with it, that my Ague presently left me, and Nature, in spite of my Disease, took Strength

to her self, and rais'd me up in my Bed, to make
 this clear acknowledgment of cure to your Beauty.
 Madam, I now find my self rid of that Distemper
 and am perswaded, that for the future, I shall ne-
 ver suffer under the scalding heat of a Fever
 than of a shivering Cold. I could not but express
 my Fears to you, with my Thanks, hoping that you
 will take care to preserve what you have created.
 Be pleased to Interest your Affection, for my Safe-
 ty, and to defend a Creature, which your Good-
 ness has made so dear to you, as to be ever, &c.

To his Mistress, upon the Death of her Servant

Madam,

I Believe if you have been the last who have
 heard of the death of your Servant, that you
 will be one of the first, and indeed the only Person
 who will in your Soul celebrate the sad remem-
 brance of him, a much longer time than any of
 his Friends. Not that his merit obliges you; for
 we well know that all his merit doth not oblige you
 since I know all merit loses its Esteem in your Pre-
 sence, being so perfect as you are; nor your Pity
 though it be natural to you with your other Vir-
 tues: But own his Love and Constancy, as being
 both equally incomparable. Now what Punish-
 ment will you impose upon your Beauty, if there
 be nothing in you, that has partaken of the Mil-
 lions of Pains which he has endured for your Sake.
 Certainly you ought to suffer Shipwrack in the
 Sea of your own Tears, unless the God of Love
 has need of you for one of his Altars, since you are
 the only Idol, to whom surviving Suitors will now
 pay the Oblation of their Servitude. And as for
 my self, who have undertaken to succeed to the

Merits

Merits and Constancy of your deceased Servant, will not give you assurance in Words; for Deeds themselves shall always be my Sureties. Dry up your Tears, stop your Sighs; I summon you to Duty in the behalf of Reason it self, knowing Commands are to be obeyed. Madam, when I first put Pen to Paper, I had a Design to comfort you, but knowing the greatness of your Resolution against all sorts of Accidents, I changed my Intention, to assure you of the Love and Service which I have vowed to you, under the Title of, &c.

To his Sick Mistress.

Madam,

Though the fairest of Women envy your Beauties, and the most perfect your Merits, yet they are silenced by your Charms. Nay, Sick-ness it self is rendred Captive by the Puissance of your Allurements. Which though it wound you, now it is but with the Wounds that you have made, and doubtless it has seized on you, hoping that by the Possession of your fair Body, it may at length change its Name and Nature. Neither do I believe it is you, but your Rigour which it intends to destroy. Be you less Cruel, and the Disease will assuage, otherwise you will be in danger of your Life; tho' questionless, the consideration of destroying so many Wonders, will put a stop to its Designs. Death oftentimes makes use of Love against us, so that he will have a care of your life as of his keenest Weapon, wherewith he brings us Men under his Command, making us willing to yield to his Stroke, as the Refuge of our Misery, to which your Cruelty so frequently reduces us. This I know by Experience, as being near the brink of the same Danger.

To his long absent Mistress.

Madam,

I Cannot but deplore my Misfortune, that Carnal
 lion like, I live only on the Idea. All the Supports
 ports of my frail Life having been for this Twelve
 Months, only from Imagination I protest, Lady
 that Four Letters which I received Quarter after
 Quarter, have with much ado kept me alive. The
 last you directed to me being so short as if you
 had consigned me to the extremity of so thin
 Diet, that your most despised Lovers might
 my pitiful Picture read to themselves Lectures of
 Consolation. Lady, I know at the best, that ab-
 sent Persons cannot entertain themselves but by
 Letters; yet by as woful Experience I find, that
 there is but small Pleasure to hear thus far off
 from one another as we do. For my part, I cannot
 but complain, and I think I have more cause than
 any Man living: You then that know the reality
 of this my Expression, believe me; for you have
 expos'd me to such Extremities, that I am now
 resolv'd to approach you, and to write no more
 but to shew in Act what I have been accustomed
 to protest, how perfectly I can be, &c.

*To his Mistress, acknowledging the accep-
 tance of his Service.*

Lady,

I Am at last, in part, persuaded, that I have two
 the best Fortunes that the Earth can afford
 me, the possession of your Vertue, and your Fa-
 vour. You may say this Language is very fair,
 and that my Friendship speaks like Love; I have

no other Answer to return you, but that as you gain Hearts, you have found out a way to enter into them, and see what Affections they produce. Let me therefore intreat you to behold the violence of my Devotion ; and since I do entitle you my Goddess, be pleas'd to express your self by the effect of so fair a Name, in accepting the Heart more than the Hand, and prizing the Character of my Sincerity, above the Value of my Oblation. Certainly I should be the most unfortunate among the Living, should you be a severe Censurer of my Works or Words, in both which there is neither Power no Eloquence ; but had I the one or the other in a perfect degree, I should never be able to shew you as I would, the desire that enflames me to serve you, and to be, &c.

Drolling Letters, &c.

Madam,

I Have now left the bloody Banners of *Mars* to follow *Cupid's* Ensigns. Though I must now confess the latter to be the severer Service. For by the one we only get broken Pates, by the other wounded Hearts. There we have Pay and Plunder ; here we have neither. But from whence arises all my trouble ? 'Tis from you, Madam, who, like the *French Amazon* are risen up to terrifie me in the minds of all Conquests. For alas ! the Assaults of your Eyes have so alarmed my Breast, that it is in vain for me to think of Reposing by Day, or Sleeping by Night. Oh that you would make an end of the War, and come and take me in my own Quarters ! otherwise I must be compelled to bring my scaling Ladders to force that Bulwark of Beauty, your fair and comely Body, to free my

my self from the hourly Incurfions which your Perfections make upon my Soul. But why do I Rage? Deliver it by fair means; by the Beard of *Jupiter*. if you come to speedy Compofition and Surrender, there is no Man fhall venture his Life farther to defend you from the Batteries of Lying Fame and Slander. And more than that, you fhall find him the moft Faithful Knight that ever fmote Terrible Gyant for Fair Ladies fake.

A Country Schoolmafter to his Miftrefs.

Bright Star,

K Now you not already that you are mounted above the Horizon of Accomplishments. *Nihil verius est*. There is nothing more true. And being thus the Miracle of your Perfections, and the Perfection of Miracles, with foft Violence you have wounded my Bleeding Soul, *Feminio generi Tribuuntur*; the Feminine Gender is very troublefome. But, Oh Damsel! as Fair as you are Cruel, and as Cruel as you are Fair, do not refemble that wicked Emperor *Nero*, who took pleasure to fee the City of *Rome* on Fire. Oh! do not from the Turret of your Merits, with delight, behold not only the Suburbs, but the City it felf of my Heart to burn, with all the Temples in it which I have Dedicated to your Honour. For I can affure you, more Fair than *Venus*, that whatever Oration or Syllogifm, poor miserable Paffive I can make by way of Special Demonftration, is only to fhew and acknowledge how much I am your Superlative Servant, *per omnes cafus*, in all Cafes.

A Seaman to his delight in Wapping.

Kind, if not unkind,

HAVING read in a Ballad, that a Woman is compared to a Ship, it made me conceive no small Reason for a mutual Love between us. Since it is most certain, that a Seaman cannot be without a Ship, nor a Ship without a Seaman; and therefore do not Shipwreck my good Intentions in their first Voyage to thee. Alas! For thou hast no reason to Despise me, because my Cloaths are be-
 reared with Pitch and Tar, knowing that I shall sink the faster to thee. I must confess I have cast anchor in the Harbour of thy Love. Oh! do not cut the Cable of my Affection, lest I run a-
 drift into a Sea of Misery, and where the Waves of Despair, swell'd by the Gusts of thy Disdain, shall dash all my Hopes against the Rocks of Mis-
 fortune I am in already; nor is it in my Power to help my self. O *Susan, Susan*, receive my floating soul into the Cockboat of thy Heart, that thy poor Dick may not Die, but Live to Recompence the Preserver of his Life.

A Country Parson to a Rich Farmer's Daughter.

Dear Mrs. Dorothy,

He Parson of the Parish sends thee Greeting in these Lines. For verily, last Sunday, as was Preaching, thou didst Dart from thy Eyes Love of thy Amiable Features into my Breast: that even as a Woman with Child longeth for the Corner of an Apple-Tart, or piece of r

F

Mutton

Mutton, so do I thirst after thee; and even as a Virgin that eateth Chalk and drinketh Vinegar, looks Pale and looseth her Stomach, so do I look pale with Languishing for thee, and my Belly is shrunk up for want of Food, for I have not eaten above half a Sirloin of Beef, Forty Tythe-Eggs, Thirty Black Puddings, and Five great brown Apple-Pasties since Sunday last; that your Father took me home to Dinner, which is now almost Week. I shall put it to thy choice whether thou wilt be Courted in Publick or Private; for I have made six delicate Sermons upon the most amorous places in the *Canticles*, wherewithal to allure thee into my Embraces. If thou dost consent, then will I go to thy Mother, and as the Child desired the Maid to spread him some Bread and Butter for his Afternoon's Luncheon, so will I desire thy Mother to give her Daughter unto me, that I may spread my self upon thee. If she replied Yea; then will I speak unto her in the words of *St. Bernard*, I heartily thank you good Mother. But if she say unto me, Nay; then as *St. Cyprian* has it very well, I shall be ready to hang my self. Be thou therefore my Preserver and my Interceder, that neither thou may'st want a Husband, nor the Parish a Minister, nor thy Mother a Man to devour her Bag-Pudding.

LO

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Love Songs.

Cupid put to flight.

1.

Hence foolish Boy, my Anger shewn,
 Thy Triumphs are no more;
 No more by thee, the World's undone,
 Thy Conquest now give o'er:
 Alas! that such an Elf so long
 Besotted hath the World;
 That at thy Beck the Warriors strong
 Their Ensigns up have furl'd.

find

2.

And laid the glorious Business by,
 That called forth their Arms;
 To gaze upon a Woman's Eye,
 And court destructive Charms;
 Which at a distance Vertues kill,
 And manly Courage tame;
 Which dim Ambition's Lustre still,
 And put us out of Frame.

3.

Then learn of me, henceforth be wise,
 Slight, slight that foolish Boy,
 Who over us would Tyrannize,
 And all our Peace destroy:
 In sunder let his Shafts be snapp'd,
 And he at nought be set,
 With his false Mother be entrapp'd,
 In Vulcan's subtle Net.

F 2

Tae

The Brisk Lover.

BE gone thou dull Morpheus, thou Envier of Bliss
 Who shrouds us in slumber while Pleasure we miss
 The briskest Delights fly over, while we
 By the Fumes of bad Wine contract Lethargy :
 When Beauties do languish, and vainly expect
 The Joys that they sigh for, thou causest neglect ;
 While they curse their hard Fate, and find no Relief,
 But scrubbing and scratching, complain of their Grief

Then fly to thy Cave where drowsiness rests,
 Which every Night's Goddess with Sable invests ;
 And let us alone in our pleasant Embraces,
 Hinder not Lovers in their active Paces.
 Let their flames burn brighter, their joys still encrease,
 While passionate Lovers fulfil every Wish :
 And to God Cupid let Homage be paid,
 For Love is a Deity must obey'd.

Cruelty Reveng'd.

DAme Nature thou hast made me fair,
 And Art endu'd me past compare ;
 So that I've oft been sought in vain,
 And still have answer'd with disdain,
 No sight could move me to have lov'd,
 To Plaints deaf as the Seas I've prov'd ;
 Laugh'd when they languish'd in despair,
 And triumph'd in each falling tear,

But now the mighty Triumph's past,
 And I wear Cupid's Chains at last ;
 I love the Man that loves not me,
 But pays with scorn my Cruelty.

He flies from me when I make Suit,
And will not bear my Passion out;
But leaves me blushing and confus'd,
Saying, Too many I've abus'd.

Alas! what shall poor Celia do?
My former Cruelties I rue,
And yet is all in vain; my Grief
Finds no asswagement or relief;
I see the powerful God of Love,
Never his Shafts in vain does prove,
To punish those that disobey,
And do despise his Scepter's sway.

right

The deceived Nymph's Complaint.

1.

Ris on the Banks of Thames,
With a Sigh and weeping Eyes,
Said to lovely Cellaman,
Let no Man your Heart surprize,
Men are all made up of Lyes.

2.

Though a thousand times they swear,
And as many Vows repeat,
All they say is common Air,
All they promise but deceit,
None were ever constant yet.

3.

Wisely then preserve your Heart
From such Tyranny of hate,
Which only thou can act its part,
When Love has its return of Fate,
And then Repentance comes too late.

The Chast Lover.

Hence stormy Boreas, fan the roaring Ocean ;
 Or in wild Africk raise some strong Commotion,
 Where Auster spreads his Cloud-supporting Wings,
 Disturb not with thy Breath those Silver Springs,
 In which Diana's Nymphs bathe their fair Limbs,
 And blushing, sport about the verdant Brims ;
 While charming Satyrs dante the Antick round,
 And are with Vines and Ivy Chaplets crown'd.

Where the chaste Goddess, by the Moon's pale light,
 Appears in Majesty transcendent bright,
 And summons thither all her Silver Train,
 Among which Train my fair Nymph doth reside,
 In thoughts of whom I take my chiefest Pride :
 Her naked Beauty so transporting prove,
 That who so gazes, raviſh'd is with Love.

Love's Folly displayed.

I Ne'er was in Love but once,
 Then how like a Fool did I look ?
 As never did block-headed Dunce,
 Who fear'd to be whipp'd for his Book.
 Who made more Excuses than I,
 To tell Folks I was not in Love ?
 But my Looks gave me the Lye,
 My Heart with my Tongue did not move.

How much more than a Woman I made her,
 My self how much less than a Man ;
 Let him who in Love is a Trader,
 Put on his Prospectives and Scan.
 Which caus'd her to stand at a distance,
 And long hold off in defiance ;
 But I was cur'd by resistance,
 Which I ne'er had been by compliance.

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And since I have laugh'd full oft,
 To think of the Follies of Love;
 How Lovers are jeer'd and scoff'd,
 Yet will not the Cause remove.
 A Cook-wench, if once she find
 That unto her Love you are bent;
 She'll be puffed up in her mind,
 And fancy that she's a Saint.

The Spinning Wheel, Sung to the
 Air at Windsor.

1.

Upon a Sun-shine Summers day,
 When every Tree was green and gay,
 The Morning blush'd with Phœbus Ray,
 Just then ascending from the Sea,
 As Sylvio did a Hunting ride,
 A lonely Cottage he espy'd,
 Where lovely Chloe Spinning sat,
 And still she turn'd her Wheel about.

2.

Her Face a thousand Graces crown,
 Her curling Hair was lovely brown;
 Her rowling Eyes all Hearts did win,
 And white as Down of Swan her Skin.
 So taking her plain dress appears,
 Her age not passing sixteen Years;
 The Swain lay sighing at her Foot,
 Yet still she turn'd her Wheel about.

3.

Thou sweetest of thy tender kind,
 Cries he, this ne'er can suit thy mind;
 Such Grace attracting noble Loves,
 Was ne'er designed for Woods nor Groves.

Come, come with me, to Court, my dear,
Partake my love and honours there;
And leave this sordid rural rout,
And turn thy Wheel no more about.

4.

At this with some few modest sighs,
She turns to him her charming Eyes;
Ah! tempt me, Sir, no more, she cries,
Nor seek my weakness to surprize;
I know your Arts to be believ'd,
And know how Virgins are deceiv'd;
Then let me thus my Life wear out,
And turn my harmless Wheel about.

5.

By that dear panting Breast, cries he,
And yet unseen Divinity;
Nay, by my Soul, that rests in thee,
I swear this cannot, must not be.
Ah! cause not my eternal woe,
Nor kill the Man that loves thee so;
But go with me, and ease my doubt,
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

6.

His cunning Tongue so plaid its part,
He gain'd admission to her Heart,
And now she thinks it is no Sin
To take Love's fatal Poison in;
But ah! too late she found her fault,
For he her Charms had soon forgot;
And left her e'er the Year run out
In Tears to turn her Wheel about.

A Catch.

Some thirty, or forty, or fifty at least,
Or more, I have lov'd in vain, in vain;
But if you'll vouchsafe to hear a poor Guest,
For once I will venture again, again.

How

How long shall I be i'this mind, this mind,
 Is totally in your own Power ;
 All my Days I can pass with the kind, the kind,
 But I'll part with the proud in an hour.
 Then be but good natur'd and civil, and civil, }
 You'll find that I can be so too, so too,
 Or if not, you may go, you may go to the Devil,
 Or the Devil may come to you, to you.

Love's Power Contemn'd.

A Way foolish Boy,
 I'll not endure
 Love, that simple toy
 For to procure
 To me the least annoy ;
 Away with your quiver
 Your idle dart
 Shall never, never
 Procure my smart ;
 But I'll brave thee ever.
 Oh that Men should be
 Afraid of thee,
 Afraid of one
 Who could never see :
 And at his Throne
 Still to bow the Knee,
 Whom Folly impowers,
 To bear such sway ;
 When as idle Hours
 Do us betray
 To sleep in his Bowers.

The Country Wooing.

Faith Betty you know that I have long lov'd you ;
 And so be my Wife. I shall often have mor'd you ;
 But

But you have look'd scornful, yet now tell me true,
 What is it, my Sweeting, you mean for to do?
 If that you will have me, deny me no more,
 For I of my Complements have spent all my store;
 Then say, my Love, shall's wedded be, and blush not;
 For I am resolv'd to know the very upshot?

Are you in earnest then; nay if you be so,
 Ise must ask my Mamme before Ise can go:
 Ise warrant ye she'll glad me, when once she hears on't.
 Ise oft hear you talk, but ne'er ween'd y'had a don't.
 But if we mun be Married, all be Married,
 Ise will be to the Kirk on Horseback carried,
 And then we's have a Feast made of Curds and Cream.
 Where Ise am resolv'd for to watchel my Wemb.

Then art thou so willing my pretty Pigs Nies,
 The only Jewel that Jonny e'er did prize;
 Then to thy Mother's House speedily let's gan,
 For to be tickling thee, faith I do lang;
 We'll daily in the Pease-Mow sport it merrily;
 And all the pretty Arts of Love there we'll try;
 I will clip thee in my Arms with soft Kisses,
 Such as Gentleweke give to their kind Misses.

The Lover in Despair.

Darkness does now the World surround,
 And silence every where abound;
 Each Shepherd with his Shepherdess,
 Dallying long in Love's excess,
 Sleeps at last between her Breasts,
 And void of care, securely rests.

The Flocks they now do cease to stray,
 And only Stars keek on their way;
 And silent Ghosts who haunt the Tombs,
 And vanish with the dismal Glooms;
 But I, poor I, with Love possess'd,
 Must languish, and can have no rest.

What

What is it that I have not done ?
 What sighs, what showers of tears, what moan
 Have I sent, have I shed and made ?
 Yet still with scorn I am repaid ;
 Since Vertue here no rest can have,
 I'll haste to slumber in the Grave.

Virgins Admonished.

1.

Pretty Nymph, why always blushing ?
 If thou lov'st, why art thou coy ?
 In thy Cheeks these Roses flushing
 Shew thee fearful of thy Joy,
 What is Man that thou shouldst dread
 To change with him a Maiden-head ?

2.

At first all Virgins fear to do it,
 And but trifle away their time,
 And still unwilling to come to it,
 In foolish whining spend their time ;
 But when they once have found the way,
 Then they are for it Night and Day.

Kindness the true Cure.

I Languish all Night,
 And I sigh all the Day,
 As Celia proves cruel
 And still turns away :
 She hides the bright Lustre
 Of her Sun-like Eyes,
 And unemployed Beauty,
 For which Strephon dies.

The Nymphs they do pity me,
 But 'tis in vain,
 Apollo himself
 Cannot ease my fierce pain ;

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 And unemployed Beauty,
 For which Strephon dies.

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 But 'tis in vain,
 Apollo himself
 Cannot ease my fierce pain ;

None but she that wounds me.

Has Balsom to cure

The desperate anguish

I daily endurs.

Celia Unkind.

MR Celia stay, why fliest thou so?
Whither, whither wilt thou go?

Cruel! wilt thou leave me now,

To whom thou constancy did vow,
When thy soft whispers through my Ears

Passing, banished all my Fears;

Think, think of what so late is past,

And flie not, flie not, now so fast.

Wound me not with Cruelty,

For if so, I soon shall die;

My Life it is bound up in thee,

And when thou art gone it leaveth me;

No pleasure but in thee I take,

And all things suffer for thy sake;

Nothing e're too hard can prove

For my ever constant Love.

For since my Breast has proved Fuel,

And took fire, be you not cruel,

But with kindness quench the fire,

Which still burns with strong desire;

Which still torments with pleasing pain,

Oh! come, my Celia, back again:

With gentle breath, come fan my Fever,

As I am lost, undone for ever.

A Drink

A Drinking Song.

Come fill us the Glasses until they run o'er,
 Wine is the Mistress we ought to adore;
 Women are presty Fantastical Toys,
 Fit to please foolish and ignorant Boys, (joys,
 But Wine, Wine, 'tis Wine alone that affords the true
 'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine alone that affords the true joys.

Wine keeps out Envy and Grief from our Hearts,
 Wine keeps us from blind Love his Darts;
 We never at Fortune's Injustice complain,
 Nor are we troubled for Celia's disdain.
 But all, all our Cares are drown'd in Champaign;
 All, all our Cares are drown'd in Champaign.

Come fill the Glass, and I'll drink a new Health,
 Which shall not be to my Wit nor my Wealth;
 Or to my Mistress, to his, or to thine,
 But to a Creature more rare and divine; (wine:
 Come here, here, here's to the best, I mean the best
 Here, here's to the best, I mean the best wine.

No Fool like the Old One.

How frail is old Age to believe
 Their Sinews can never be strong;
 Or think that a heap
 Of Diseases can reap
 The Pleasures of him that is Young;
 So wretched a thing is a dotting Old Man.
 His Life has been spent in Debauch,
 Till he comes to be Sixty or more;
 And so wenches on,
 Till his vigour be gone,
 And then the old Letcher gives o'er;
 And an Old dotting Fool is worse than a Young.

Love's

Love's World.

Great Artist Love the sure Foundation laid,
 And out of me another World has made ;
 The Earth is my Fidelity which stands
 Immoveable, by any mortal Hands ;
 And as this World upon this Earth is founded ;
 So this on my Fidelity is grounded.

If any Fits of Jealousie do make
 The Earth of my Fidelity to shake ;
 And cause my constant solid Heart to tremble,
 Imprison'd Winds exactly they resemble ;
 Which being in the pregnant Womb inclos'd,
 Make me and the whole Globe be compos'd.

My Tears the Ocean are, you may as soon
 Empty the Sea, as stop their running down.
 My Sighs so many Storms are, which rebel,
 And make this Sea to bubble and to swell ;
 And my Eyes flowing, Rivulets do glide,
 Paying their constant Tribute to this Tide.

The Air my Will is, pure, serene and free,
 And always waits on my Fidelity ;
 The Wind is my Desire, and rules my Will,
 Which by the stronger Gust is moved still ;
 And as in Caverns we do see the Wind,
 So my desire is in my Heart confin'd.

The Fire invisible mixed in the Air
 These Secret Flames that burn my Heart are ;
 And as this Element no Eye can see,
 Even so my Flames within me smother'd be ;
 But as all Fire some nourishment do's crave,
 So must mine die, or nourishment must have.

I hope the Moon is, which does still encrease,
 else diminish always more or less ;
 And as fair Sylvia, I do find it true,
 have no light until supply'd by you :
 she no bright Perfection ever won,
 all beautified with Glories from the Sun.

The Sun is your incomparable Eye,
 Which other Planets do so far outvie ;
 That as the Sun Life to the World does give,
 so Lovers die, unless you bid 'em live ;
 His Day when you appear, and it is Night
 obscurely, when you are out of sight.

The Sun is my Joy, when you do please
 to shine upon me, and my Passions ease ;
 The Winter is my fear, when you withdraw,
 And my despairing doubts deny to thaw ;
 And then, alas ! what Fruits can Autumn bring,
 When I can find no Flowers in the Spring ?

• The Resolved Lover.

Long did I love to my Torment,
 But Phillis grew proud and cruel ;
 blighting all means of Preferment,
 I languish'd my Life away ;
 Jealousies, Doubts, Despairs,
 Did hourly encrease the Fuel ;
 Sighs, and a Deluge of Tears,
 Wore out the tedious Day.
 But now I know what the worst of Love is,
 I'll leave it quite o'er, and languish no more ;
 Let the amorous Cully despair :
 My love I will lend to my Bottle and Friend,
 And still live as free as the Air,
 Charming and bright as a Goddess,
 Was Phillis, when first I lov'd her ;

But

But now she is proud and immodest;

Ah! pity 'twas her Crime;
Though she so dearly did love it,
She'd rail when e'er I mov'd her,
Scorn of a Blessing they covet;

Damns Women before their time.

Why should a Man that has Sense and Honour,
Doat on a Snare that the Devil made fair,

As a Plague to the best of Mankind?

They Love, Fawn, and Pray, yet hate the next Day,
There's no Joy like Wit and Wine.

The Generous Lover.

THe Night her blackest Sables wore,
All gloomy were the Skies;

And glittering Stars there were no more,
Than those in Stella's Eyes!

When at her Father's Gate I knockt,
Where I had often been;

And shrouded only by her Smock,
This Angel let me in.

Fast lockt within my close Embrace

She trembling lay, a sham'd;

Her swelling Breasts and glowing Face,
And every touch inflam'd;

My eager Passion I obey'd,

Resolv'd the Fort to win;

And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

Ah! then beyond expressing,

Immortal was the Joy;

I know no greater Blessing,

So much a God was I,

And she transported with Delight,

Of pray'd me come again.

*And kindly vow'd that every Night
She'd rise and let me in.*

*But ah! at last she proved with Bearn,
And sighing sate and dull;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd then just like a Fool.*

*Her lovely Eyes with Tears run over,
Repeating her sweet sin;
She sigh'd and curst the fatal hour
That e'er she let me in.*

*But who could cruelty deceive,
Or from such Virtue part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The Charmer for my heart;
But Wounded and concealed her Crime,
Thus all was well agen;
And now she thanks the blessed time
That e'er she let me in.*

SONG.

After the sweetest Pangs of hot desire,
Between Panthea's rising Breasts,
His bended Head Philander rests;
Though vanquish'd yet, unknowing to retire,
Close hugs the Charmer, and asham'd to yield.
Though he has lost the Day, still keeps the Field.

*When with a sigh, the fair Panthea said,
Wat pity 'tis ye Gods, that all
The bravest Warriours soonest fall:
Then with a kiss she gently raised his head,
Armed him again for Fight, for nobly she
More loved the Combate, than the Victory.*

Then

Then more enrag'd for being beat before,
 With all his strength he does prepare
 More fiercely to renew the War :
 Nor ceasts till the noble Prize he wore ;
 Even her such wondrous Courage did surprize,
 She hugs the Dart that wounded her, and dies.

Celia's Expostulation.

SAD as Death at dead of night,
 The fair complaining Celia sate ;
 But one poor Lamp was all her Light,
 While thus she reason'd with her Fate,
 Why should Man such Triumphs gain,
 And purchase Joys that give us pain ?
 Ah ! what Glory can ensue,
 A helpless Virgin to undoe !

Curse the Night, and curse the Hour,
 When first he drew me to his Arms ;
 When Vertue was betray'd by Power,
 And yielded to unlawful Charms.
 When Love approach'd with all his Fires,
 Armed with Hopes and strong Desires,
 Sighs and tears, and every Wile,
 With which Men the Maids beguile.

Dream no more of Pleasures past,
 Since all the Torments are to come ;
 The Secret is made known at last,
 And endless shame is now thy doom.
 The false Forsworn, alas ! is gone,
 And left thee to despair alone ;
 Who that hears of Celia's pain,
 Will ever trust a Man again ?

S O N G.

B Right Vertue's a Treasure
 Exceeds my Love's Pleasure,
 It makes a Heaven on Earth;
 There's nought in Creation
 Of the divine Fashion,
 But owes unto it its Birth.
 Tell me not of Beauty,
 For that will not suit me;
 Nor Riches make me obey;
 'Tis Vertue does charm me,
 'Gainst all else I arm me,
 To that my best thoughts I pay.

Then find me that Jewel,
 My Breast shall be Fuel
 To entertain a chaste Flame:
 I'll Woman admire,
 If Vertue inspire,
 And ever extol her Fame,
 She shall be the Treasure,
 I'll love beyond measure,
 And my delight in her place;
 For if Vertue abound,
 Wealth and Beauty are found,
 Since Vertues supply every Grace.

The Charmed Lover.

S He who my poor Heart possesses,
 Is of late so fickle grown;
 She to every Fop that dresses,
 Still is prating with her own.
 Once if any chanc'd to name her,
 I all ravish'd did appear;
 Now I blush, least they defame her,
 With some Truth I dare not hear.

While

While my doubts are yet prevailing,
 If she but the thing deny;
 Soon she makes me leave my railing,
 And I give my thoughts the lye.
 You whose skill in Love is greater,
 Say what Charm compels my Fate,
 Say what makes me love her better,
 Whom, I fear, I ought to hate.

The Clown's Courtship sung to the King
 at Windsor.

1.

Q No John to Joan, Wilt thou have me?
 I prithee now wilt, and I'll marry with thee,
 My Cow, my Horse, my House and Rents,
 And all my Lands and Tenements;
 Say my Joan, say my Joan, wilt thou not do?
 I cannot, I cannot come every Day to woe?

2.

I ha Corn and Hay in the Barn hard by,
 And three fat Hogs pent up in a Sty;
 I have a Mare and she is coal black,
 I ride on her Tail to save her Back.
 Say my Joan, &c.

4.

I have a Cheese upon the Shelf,
 I cannot eat it all my self;
 I have three good Marks that lie in a Rag,
 In a Nook of a Chimney instead of a Bag.
 Say my Joan, &c.

4.

To marry I would have thy Consent;
 But, Vaith I never could Complement;
 I can say nought but Hoy Gee Ho,
 Terms that belong to Cart and Plough.
 Say my Joan, &c.

The Earnest Suit.

NO more cruel Nymph, my Passion despise,
 Or slight a poor Lover that languishing lies;
 Though Fortune my Name with no Titles endu'd,
 As fierce is my passion, and warm is my Blood;
 The Love of an Emperor no greater can be,
 And Enjoyment's the same in every degree.
 But vigorous and young, I'll fly to thy Arms;
 Infusing my Soul in Elysium of Charms;
 A Monarch I'll be, when I lye by thy side,
 And thy pretty Hand my Scepter shall guide;
 Thus charmed with each other, true Rapture we'll prove,
 While Angels look down, and envy our Love.

To Chloris.

NO silly Chloris,
 Tell me no such Stories,
 True generous Love can never undo ye;
 When I desert you,
 Let affected Vertue
 Charm ever Fop that now does pursue you.
 Search all humane Nature,
 'Try every Creature,
 Ranfack all Complexions, try every Feature.
 When ever I die,
 You'll too late descry,
 None ever yet loved ye so well as I.

Curse on Ambition,
 What a bless'd Condition
 Lovers were in, not awed by that Daemon.
 Thou cruel Chloris,
 Careless of vain Glories
 Would reap more Bliss than Pride e'er could dream on.
 We

*We should have no dying,
 No faint denying,
 Repulses or sighings, when the Soul is flying,
 Mammon's trifling Toys,
 She would then despise,
 And own our Love the center of our Joys.*

A Dialogue.

Shepherdes.

TELL me Thirsis, tell your Anguish,
*Why you sigh, and why you languish;
 When the Nymph whom you adore,
 Grants the blessing
 Of possessing,
 What can Love do more?*

Shepherd.

*Think it's Love beyond all measure,
 Makes me faint away with pleasure;
 Strength of Cordials may destroy,
 And the blessing
 Of possessing,
 Kills me with excess of Joy.*

Shepherdes.

*Thirsis, how can I believe thee?
 But confess, and I'll forgive you,
 Men are false, and so are you:*

*Never Nature**Found a Creature**To enjoy, and yet be true.*

Shepherd.

*Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
 Still possessing, still desiring,
 Fit for Love's Imperial Crown:
 Ever shining,
 And repining,
 Still the more 'tis melted down.*

On Beauty.

Beauty, thou Throne of Graces,
 Bright Queen of charming Faces;
 Thou Soul of c^o less Passion,
 Thou Tyrant of the Nation,
 Thou God that dost enflame us,
 Thou Fury sent to charm us;
 How happy should we be,
 Proud Foe, wer't not for thee.

Numerous shining Glories,
 Adorned my lovely Chloris;
 Her Face was sweet as Summer,
 Her Pride did well become her;
 Her Voice from Jove was given,
 Each Angel flew from Heaven,
 And smiling clapp'd his Wing,
 For joy to hear her sing.

My Soul was still admiring
 This falser than a Syren.
 I strongly did besiege her,
 But ne'er durst disobliege her:
 But she like Frosty Weather,
 Nipp'd all my Buds together,
 And thinking me untrue,
 My fond Heart did undoe.

Squire Old-Sap

Close in a hollow silent Cave,
 Young Damon sleeping lay;
 Himself one hour from grief to save,
 And from the scorching fiery day.

He

He Celia lov'd, whose Face and Wit
 Did every Shepherd's sence controul,
 Whose flowing Hair was Love's first Net,
 Whose every Glance a Heart did get,
 And every Smile a Soul.

But see what Balm Love's Monarch keeps
 To ease a Lover's pain,

As he in his dark Mansion sleeps

It fiercely 'gain to Rain.

Fair Celia roving through the Farm,

A straying Lamb from hurt to save,
 Which found, she folds with her white Arm,
 And then to save her from the Storm

Streight slipt into the Cave.

The drowsie Swain began to smile

To see his Heaven so nigh,

She blush'd, and fear'd, and all the while

The Lamb stood bleating by;

No breath is left her to complain,

She's now a Captive by surprize,

And fears approaching Joy and Pain,

Thus at the Mercy of the Swain

The charming Virgin lies.

The Invitation.

AH Chloris hasten to thy Strephon's Arms,
 Where we'll dally midst a Thousand Charms,
 Love shall transport us, while each wandring Swain
 Suffers his Sheep to scatter on the Plain,
 Lays by his Reeds, charm'd with the thoughts of Bliss,
 And Envyies all our blooming Happiness.

Each Nymph shall sigh while we embrace in Love,
 And envy us that we so constant prove;
 Oh charming Chloris haste, make haste away,
 My Torments are increased by delay.

The

Love Songs.

139

The Tyrant Love has seized upon my Heart,
And I am wounded by his cruel Dart ;
No more can I resist his conqu'ring Flame,
Than to rejoyce when I hear Chloris Name.

Come, come, my lovely Nymph, the Shades invite,
And gaudy Spring is tempting to delight ;
Then haste my fair One, haste, and come away,
For know thy Strephon suffers by delay.

S O N G.

1.

BRight was the Morning cool the Air,
Serene was all the Sky,
When on the Waves I left my fair,
The Centre of my Joy,
Heaven and Nature smiling were ;
And nothing sad but I.

2.

Each Rosie Field rich Odours spread,
All Fragrant was the Shear,
Each River-God rose from his Bed,
And sigh'd, and low'r'd his Power,
Curling their Waves, they deck'd her Head,
As proud of what they bore.

3.

Glide on ye Waters, bear these Lines,
And tell her my distress ;
Bear all my sighs, ye gentle Winds,
And waft them to her Breast ;
Tell her, if e'er she prove unkind,
I never shall have rest.

Beauty drown'd in Tears.

SEE what a Conquest Love has made,
Beneath the Myrtle am'rous Shade,

G

The

*The Charming Fair Clorinda lies
All melting in desire,
Quenching in Tears those flaming Eyes
That sate the World on Fire.*

*Lamenting her Leander's Scorn,
She Ecchoes to the Rosie Morn;
And with such Breath perfumes the Air,
Surprising Flora's Bower,
While from her Eyes and Cheeks so fair,
Still flows a pearly Flower.*

*Yet this hard-hearted Shepherd flies,
And to the World's bright Star denies
What Kings would humbly offer,
Scepters, Diadems, and all;
Nay, Kingdoms should they proffer,
Compar'd with Beauty are but small.*

The Coy Bride vanquish'd at length.

F*aith, Madam, be not Coy,
For I intend to Touse ye;
Think ye I have liv'd so long,
And know not how to use ye?*

*For if so, you do me wrong,
Alas! Why this to me?
'Tis but in vain that from my Arms
You strive your self to free.*

*Came gently then, lie down, my Dear,
Upon your Bridal Bed;
For no less stake I mean to Play
Than is your Maiden-Head,*

Love Songs.

167

Oh! sigh not so, 'tis all in vain,
I have Commission now;
And to God Cupid thus---and thus---
I mean to pay my Vow.

Opportunity well taken.

When Summer had adorn'd each Grove,
And in her Pride was Blooming,
And Flora from her Throne above
The Air with Sweets perfuming:

Then forth I walkt to view the Plains,
Where num'rous Flocks were feeding;
To hear the Shepherds rural strains,
With nimble Feet proceeding.

Where in a Crystal purling stream,
From Neighbouring Hills descending,
Which shelter'd was from Phœbus Beams,
By Poplar Boughs o'er bending,

I spy'd a pretty Shepherdess,
That Naked there was sporting;
Then gaze on her I could no less,
The Sight was so Transporting.

Nor long could I at distance stand,
Her beams were so attractive,
And by their Secret Force Command
My Passion to be active.

Her Rosie Cheeks and Starry Eyes,
High Rising Front and Tresses,
Her panting Breasts and Iv'ry Thighs,
And what Love ne'er Expresses.

*So fair a sight beneath the Flood,
The Charming Syrens singing,
I might have easier withstood,
For Love my thoughts were winning.*

*Then streight I snatch'd her from the Stream,
All sighing, blushing, shrieking,
And prest her on the flowry Brim
Until she left her squeeking.*

Damon's Lofs.

H*aste ye Beauteous Nymphs of Shades,
Haste Appollo's sacred Maids,
Damon now is in distress,
Having lost his Happiness;
All his Joys are gone and fled,
For Amarillis she is dead.*

*Lend him help, or he must die,
For Groans are all his Harmony;
Weep, ye Springs and Fountains, weep,
Bleat my Flocks of tender Sheep,
With sad Songs I'll pass the Day,
And sigh the sullen Night away;
For she is gone, who from my Breast
Has banish'd all my peace and rest;
To the Shades I'll haste apace,
There to behold her lovely Face.*

*Cursed was the fatal hour,
When cold Death, arm'd with his power,
Put to flight the God of Love,
Whose fierce Shafts too weak did prove
To guard a Beauty so divine;
Henceforth Lovers leave his Shrine,
Since his Power's so feeble grown,
That he can't defend his own.*

Love Songs.

119

Oh the sad Fate of my Love !
 At once two shafts did prove ;
 One all Fever, & other Ice,
 Nature conquer'd in a trice ;
 Life from its defences beat,
 Yet still she shines a Saint compleat.
 Be the Shepherds Star shall be,
 And kind Influence shed on me ;
 Will gazing nightly view
 That did my Heart subdue,
 Shining brightest in the Sphear,
 Beyond the reach of Mortal fear ;
 Which shall clear my lingring stay,
 Till to her I find the way.

Philander's Complaint.

Philander, once a merry Swain,
 A Charming Nymph did love,
 Who never paid his Love again,
 But did unconstant prove ;
 Falsely the Shepherd she forsook,
 And did his Love disdain,
 Yet he in Love such Pleasure took,
 That he embrac'd the Pain.
 Such was his Passion, such his Flame,
 So full of Honour too,
 That he still lov'd to breath her name,
 Although she prov'd untrue.
 Therefore beneath a Myrtle shade,
 One pleasant Summer Morn,
 The too unhappy Shepherd laid,
 And did lament his scorn.
 Thus to himself the wretched Swain,
 Though tender of her Fame,
 Of Silvia's faithood did complain,
 Yet durst not blaze his Name.

G 3

Dear

Dear Silvia, why did thou give way,
 That I should talk of Love,
 Yet know thou couldst not Love repay,
 Nor wouldst my Flame reprove ?
 When in its Youth my Passion was,
 'Twas easie to remove ;
 But now 'tis grown to such a pass,
 The Task too hard will prove :
 For in my Heart the Love of you
 Too deeply rooted is ;
 'Twas the first Grief I ever knew,
 Yet is my greatest Bliss.

Strephon's Performance.

R Anging the Plain one Summer's Night,
 To pass a vacant Hour,
 I fortunately chanc'd to light
 On lovely Phillis's Bower.
 The Nymph adorn'd with Thousand Charms
 In Expectation sat,
 To meet those Joys in Strephon's Arms,
 Which Tongue cannot relate.
 Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,
 Her Breasts did gently rise,
 That e'ery Lover might have read
 Her wishes in her Eyes.
 At every Breath that mov'd the Trees
 She suddenly would start,
 A Cold on all her Body seiz'd,
 A Trembling on her Heart.
 But he that knew how well she lov'd,
 Beyond his Hour had staid,
 That both with Fear and Anger mov'd
 The Melanckoly Maid :

Gods, said she, how oft he swore
He would be here by One!
But now, alas! 'tis Six and more,
And yet he is not come.

I fear he does some other love,
Which makes him thus neglect
My constant passion for to prove,
And shew this disrespect:
But scarce these words did beat the Air
E'er loving Strephon came,
And on the Bank he laid his Dear,
Where both exprest their Flame.

The Rapture.

As on Serena's panting Breast
The Happy Strephon lay,
With love and Beauty doubly blest
He past the hours away.
Fierce Raptures of transporting Love
And Pleasures struck him Dumb,
He env'y'd not the Powers above,
Nor all the Joys to come.

As painful Bees far off do rove
To bring their Treasures home.
So Strephon rang'd the Fields of Love,
To make his Honey-Comb.
Her Ruby Lips he suckt and prest,
From whence all Sweets derive;
Then buzzing round her Snowy Breast,
Soon crept into the Hive.

Al-a-mode Felicity.

Happy's the Man that takes delight
In banquetting his Senses,
That drinks all day, and then at night
The height of Joy commences.

With Bottles arm'd we stand our ground,

Full Bumpers crown our Bliss,
Then roar and drink the Streets around,
In Serenading Misses.

By Blessings free, and unconfin'd,
We prove, without Reproaches,
There's no Bliss like a Frolick Mind,
Or Pleasures like Debauches.

Whilst Rambling thus new Joys we reap,
In Charms of Love and Drinking,
Insipid Fops lie crown'd in Sleep,
and the Cuckold he lies thinking.

In Praise of Marriage.

1.

U*nder the Branches of a spreading Vine*
Silvander, far from Cares, and Danger free,
His vain, inconstant Humour shows
To his dear Nymph that sung of Marriage Vows;
But she with flowing Graces, charming Air,
Cries, fie, fie, fie, my Dear, give o'er,
Ab! tempt the Power no more,
But thy Offence with Penitence repair;
For though Vice in Beauty seem sweet in thy Arms,
An Innocent Beauty has always more Charms.

2.

Ab! Phil'ida, the angry Swain reply'd,
Is not a Mistress better than a Bride?
What Man that Universal Yoke retains,
But meets an hour to sigh and curse his Chains?
She smiling cries, Change, change that impious Mind;
Without it we could prove,
Not half the Joys of Love,
'Tis Marriage makes the feeling Bliss Divine;
Then all our Life long we from scandal remove;
And at last fall the Trophies of Honour and Love.

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The Mistrefs.

Come all ye smiling Loves
 That grace the Throne of Beauty,
 Adorn the Verdant Groves
 Where Charming Celia lies ;
 To her the Virgins round
 Pay Homage, Zeal, and Duty ;
 With Heaven her Face is crown'd,
 And Fate sits in her Eyes ;
 A thousand Shepherds wait upon her,
 Thousands she refuses still,
 Though at her Feet they lie,
 And Languish, Pine, and Die.
 A too, too rigid Point of Honour,
 Which her Vertue us's fild,
 Makes wretched all the Plains,
 And Murthers all the Swains.
 See where Lowe's great Monarch goes
 To watch the dazzling Creature,
 For fear her Eyes should close,
 And shroud the Woold in shade ;
 Possess her with my Woes,
 Thou mighty God of Nature,
 Tell her the sweetest Rose
 The blast of time will fade.
 Inspire her to believe my Passion,
 And receive the truest Love
 That ever found a part
 In any Virgin's Heart :
 Ah ! tell her, Pride is out of Fashion,
 Beauty should divinely prove,
 Like Heaven, that mercy pays
 To the meanest wretch that prays.

Kingston Church

Sweet, use your time, abuse your time
 No longer, but be wise;
 Your Lovers now discover, you
 Have Beauty to be priz'd.

But if y^e are coy, you'll lose the Joy,
 So curst will be your Fate;
 The Flower will fade, you'll die a Maid,
 And mourn your Chance too late.

At thirteen years, and fourteen years
 The Virgin's Heart may range;
 'Twixt fifteen years, and fifty years
 You'll find a wondrous change.

Then while in Tune, in May and June,
 Let Love and Youth agree;
 For if you stay till Christmas day,
 The Devil shall wooe for me.

A Scotch Song.

TWa bonny Lads were Sawney and Jockey,
 Blith Jockey was lov'd, but Sawney unlucky:
 Yet Sawney was tall, well favoured, and witty,
 But Ise I' my heart thought Jockey more pretty;
 For when he view'd me, su'd me, woo'd me,
 Nè'er was Lad so like to undoe me;
 Fie, fie, cry'd I, yet ready to die,
 Lest Jockey should gang, and come no more to me.

Jockey would love, but he wou'd not marry,
 And Ise had a dread lest I should miscarry;
 For his cunning Tongue with Wit was so gilded,
 That I was afraid my heart would have yielded:
 Daily he Bless'd me, Press'd me, Kiss'd me,
 Lest was the hour methought, when he miss'd me;

Crying,

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Crying, Denying, and Sighing I wooe him,
 But ah! much ado had I to gang fro him.
 But cruel Fate robb'd me of this Jewel,
 For Sawney would make him fight in a Duel;
 And down in a Dale, with Cypress surrounded,
 Ah! there to his Death poor Jockey was wounded:
 But when he Threll'd him, Fell'd him, Kill'd him,
 Who can express my Grief, that beheld him?
 Raging I tore my Hair to bind him,
 And Vow'd and Swore I'd ne'er stay behind him.

To a proud Beauty.

CHloe, your Scorn abate, Kind Beams discover,
 Frowns purchase all mens hate, but gain no Lover,
 Nature and Feature design'd you rare,
 But while you are Proud, you are not Fair;
 Nor can the Joys of Passion prove,
 For Pride is still a Foe to Love.

To Courts where Tyrants sway, who'll venture thither?
 Or, who'll put to Sea in stormy Weather?
 Faces and Graces no Lustre own,
 When shaded by disdainful Frown.
 Ne'er to the Sun the Persian had bow'd,
 Had he hid his bright Glories behind a Cloud.

But when the Bottles rowl about, and Glasser,
 Plague on all Intrigues, and Pox on charming Fates,
 But when the Bottles rowl about, and Glasses,
 We know no Disdain, nor value charming Faces.

Let the puny Lover sigh, and whine, and mourn,
 Like a fluttering Drone, or an Insect humming;
 Beauty here we see more bright than any She,
 Never out of Humour, Kind, and always coming.

Celia's

Celia's Complaint.

Long have I been wounded, but ne'er durst complain,
 Long, long have been flatter'd, yet still hug the
 Long cruel Parents have tortur'd my Love, (Chain,
 And Fate long has strove the dear flame to remove;
 But still like a Rock, 'gainst the Tide and the Wind,
 I fix, let the Torrent prove ne'er so unkind;
 And while my Silvaner pursues his desire,
 I still bear the Tinder, he carries the Fire.

The Wise my dull Reasons and Morals propose,
 And clog my sick Fancy with Precepts like those;
 But ah! how in vain, how vainly they Preach!
 Great Love surmounts all that their Reason can teach.
 Love, the great Agent that Nature employs,
 The God of our Passions, and force of our Joys,
 Without whom we Soul-less and wretched should prove,
 For Mortals are Beasts, till refined by Love.

Celia's Victory.

Boast no more, fond Love, thy Power,
 Or thy Passion sweet and sour;
 But to Celia shew thy Duty,
 Celia sways the World of Beauty;
 Venus now do's kneel before her,
 And admiring Crouds adore her.

Like the Sun that gilds the morning
 Celia shines, but more adorning;
 She, like Fate, can wound a Lover,
 Angel-like too, can recover;
 She can kill or save from Dying,
 When the ravish'd Soul is flying.

Sweeter than the Morning Rose is,
 Whiter than the falling Snow is,
 Than such Eyes the great Creator
 Chose as Lamps to kindle Nature;

Love Songs.

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Must is he that can refuse her,
Oh, hard Fate! that I must lose her.

The Bully.

Room, room for a Man of th' Town,
That takes delight in Roaring,
That daily Rambles up and down,
And spends his Night in Whoring;
That for the modish Name of Spark,
Dares his Companions Ralley,
Commits a Murther in the Dark,
Then sneaks into an Alley.

To ev'ry Female that he sees,
He swears he bears Affection,
Disdains all Laws, Arrests, or Fees,
By help of a Protection;
At last, intending worser wrongs,
By some resenting Culley
He's decently whip't through the Lungs,
And there's an end of Bulley.

A New Song.

At the Foot of a Willow, close under a Shade,
Young Celion and Silvia one Evening were laid;
The Youth pleaded strongly for Fruits of his Love,
But Honour had forc'd her his Flame to reprove;
Where's the Lustre, she crys, when Clouds shade the Sun?
Or what is brisk Nectar, the Taste being gone?
In Flowers on the Stalks sweet Odours do dwell,
But if gather'd the Rose is, it loses the smell.

Thou fairest of Nymphs, the bold Shepherd reply'd,
If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on Love's side:
In matters of State let dull Reason be shown,
But Love is a Power will be sway'd by his own.
Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,
But Scandal can blast both the Chaste and the Fair.

Most

*Most fierce are the Joys Love's Allembick doth fill,
And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.*

S O N G.

THou art Fair and Cruel too,
I am amaz'd what I shall do
To purchase my desire :

*Sometimes thine Eyes do me invite,
But when I venture kill me quite,
Yet still in thee's the Fire.*

*Oft have I thought my Love to quell,
And try'd its furies to repell,
Since I no hope can find ;
But when I think of leaving thee,
My heart as much does torture me,
As 'twould rejoice if kind.*

*Thus have I lov'd, though hardly us'd,
And when I proffer, I am refus'd,
Can any suffer more ?
Be Coy, be Cruel, do thy worst,
Though for thy sake I am accurst,
I must and will adore.*

Phillis Unconstant.

Close by a flowing Fountain side
A youthful Shepherd sate,
Who, while the Streams did gently glide,
Complain'd of his hard Fate.

*Alas, cry'd he, I am undone !
Phillis my Joy, is fled,
And leaves me sorrowful alone
To weep till I am dead.*

*Alas ! whoever would have thought
That she'd unconstant prove ?*

When

Love Songs.

149

When first I by her Charms was caught,
I thought no Power above

Could e'er have made her breake her Vow,
Which she to Phæon made;
But ah! alas, too late I know
I am in Love betray'd.

I with my Secrets trusted one
Who did me circumvent,
And with my Phillis now is gone;
While here I do lament.

But let 'em go, Grief break my heart,
Since I no more can pay
To her, who, by her treach'rous Art,
Late stole my Heart away.

This said, the Shepherd sigh'd again,
Which eccho'd through the Grove;
And did his Phillis lost complain,
Which stony Rocks might move.

But Phillis she did not return,
Though cruel Nymph, he cry'd;
And when he could no longer mourn,
He laid him down, and dy'd.

The Gardiner.

Y Oung John the Gardiner having lately got
A very rich and fertile Garden-Plot;
Bragging to Joan, quoth he, so rich a Ground
For Pumkins, in the World cannot be found.

That's a damn'd Lye, quoth Joan, for I can tell
A Place that does your Garden far excell:
Where's that? says John; 'twixt my Legs, says Joan,
A Plant well set, will flourish all the Year. (for there

For if it droop, I such an Art have got,
To raise it, that my fertile Garden-Plot

Will

*Will soon restore it lively as at first,
In better Ground no Plant was ever thrust.*

*Say'st so, says John, then open thy gay green Gate,
I have a choice Cion to inoculate;*

*Nay, nay, my Joan, you must not now dispute,
Let me but graft, and you shall reap the Fruit.*

Good Advice.

Phillida, while our tender Age is,
Nature persuades us to be kind;
Love, who both Gods and Men engages,
Unto his Altars bends our minds.

*At your resisting he's offended,
And to revenge him, time and care
Leaves you to Age, who unbefriended
Leaves you repenting to Despair.*

*No more in vain then waste your Beauty,
And those sweet Treasures I adore;
To Love and Nature pay your Duty,
Whilst I your pleasing Charms implore.*

*Kindly embrace your dear Silvander,
Press him upon your tender Breast;
That our kind Souls may gently wander
On the blest Banks of Happiness.*

The Disappointed Lover.

AH Celia! When we lately lov'd,
Then I enjoy'd your Heart alone;
And you my Passion too approv'd,
And call'd me still your Loyal one.

*Then equal Flames, and like desires,
Lay sparkling in each others Eyes;
And all the Joys that Love inspires,
Were then the Fuel of my Fires.*

There

There was no Cryes to embrace,
At which the Soul can only wonder;
For what the Soul thinks no disgrace,
The Body ne'er shall part assunder.

And who can tell how often we,
By joining Lips, have Souls exchang'd,
While Pleasure triumph'd thus to see
th' Exchange so pleasantly reveng'd.

Yet still our Flames were Pure and Chaste,
As Chaste as are the morning Beams,
How chanced then they did not last?
What fuel fail'd to feed such Flames?

Oh Celia, Celia! well thou know'st,
It was no fault of thine or mine,
But true, st Lovers must be cross'd,
Whenever Love and Fate combine.

Else Love and Fate had diff'rent Aims,
And Love, to curb Fates envious Power,
Himself put out those Am'rous Flames
That he had cherish'd so before.

SONG.

AH! Chelris, that I now could sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Thy Infant Beauty could begot
No Pleasure, nor no Pain.

When I the Dawn w'd to admire,
And praise the coming Day,
I little thought the growing Fire
Must take my Rest away.

Thy Charms in harmless Childhood lay,
Like Metals in the Mine;
Age from no Face took more away
Than Youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your Charms insensibly
To their Perfections prest;
And Love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And in my Bosome rest.

My Passion with your Beauty grew,
And Cupid at my Heart,
Still as his Mother favoured you,
Threw a new flaming Dart.

Each glory'd in their wanton part,
To make a Lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his Art,
To make a Lover, she.

Though now I slowly bend to Love,
Uncertain of my Fate,
If your fair Self my Claims approve,
I shall my Freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying Men, may well
At first disorder'd be;
Since none alive can truly tell
What Fortune they shall see.

The O-W-L.

THOU grief of my Heart, and thou Pearl of my Eyes,
D'on Flannel Petticoat quickly, and rise;
And from thy resplendent Window discover
A Face that would mortifie any young Lover;
For I, like great Jove, transformed do *Wooe* (whoo.
Like an amorous Owl, to whit to whoo, to whit to
A Lover, *Ads-zuz*, is a sort of a Tool,
That of all things you best may compare to an Owl;
For in some dark shades he delights still to sit,
And all the Night long he cries, whoo to whit:
Then rise, my bright Celia, and d'on thy Slip-shoe,
And hear thy fond Owl-chant, Whit to whoo, whit
(to whoo.
General

General RULES for Behaviour and Genteel Conversation.

A Sprightful Conversation, and cleanly Manners, are Accomplishments exceeding useful for every one that intends not to withdraw himself into a Solitary Retirement, but to spend his Days among Persons of Policy and refined Society : For People are to frame and compose themselves and their Accounts, not according to their own private Will and Fancy, but according to the most polished Examples and Precepts of those among whom it is their Lot to live. Not that they are to resign their Freedom however to employ Dictate, but without affecting singularity, it may behove them to yield a ready Compliance in things indifferent, still retaining a due respect to their own just Liberty.

To this purpose we are to avoid all such things as annoy the Senses.

And therefore it is ridiculous for any one to Sing, especially if their Voices be untunable, or that there are none to bear a part, or if they be not desired to shew their Skill.

Some there are, who when they Cough or Sneeze, do it with so shrill and forced a Sound, that they pierce the Heads of the Standers-by, and many times without turning away, bespatter the Faces of them they discourse with.

Others when they Yawn, make as rude a Noise as a Dog when he howls ; and tho' they gape as wide as their Mouths can stretch, will be endeavour

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ring to continue their Talk after an inarticulate Fashion, which are things very unseemly and displeasing to the Eye, as well as the Ear.

Frequent Yawning intimates the Person to be Tired and Surfeited with his Company.

Nor is it a thing less uncomely, when a Man has blown his Nose, to look into, and rub his Handkerchief as if some Pearl or Ruby had dropt out of his Nose.

At Table it is very uncomely for People to grease themselves up to the Elbows, and make their Napkins look like Dish-clouts, and yet after that they are not ashamed to blow their Noses upon them, and sometimes to wipe off the Sweat from their Faces; therefore every one must take heed that he do not so bedaub his Fingers as to dirty his Napking; as being then loathsome to all that look upon it.

Nor is it handsome to break Bread into small Morsels, or Crumble it to Pieces.

Attendants at Table are by no means to scratch or rub their Heads, or any other part of their Body, in sight of their Master when at Meat; nor to hide their Hands in their Bosome or behind their Backs, but to let them be in open view, neat and clean. And when they serve up Meat to the Table, or give a Glass of Drink to any one, they must be very cautious of Spitting and Coughing, but much more of Sneezing, which breeds a Jealousie that some Nastiness may have happened into what they eat or drink.

When you take a Toast or roasted Apple from the Fire, 'tis unseemly to blow away the Ashes, there being never any Wind without some Water; but rather shake or wipe them off with a clean Cloth.

Altogether as unmannerly is it, for a Man to wet his

his Fore-finger in his Mouth, and dip it in the Salt, and then to lick it off again, as being the quickest way to relish his Palate.

Nor is it handsome for a Man to reach his Napkin to another, under pretence that 'tis cleaner than his, for thereby he apprehends his own to be foul.

Nor is it decent, when one man is discoursing with another, to approach so near as to breath in his mouth.

It is repugnant to good Manners, for Men to compose themselves to Sleep in a place where they are met for Society; which shews they little value the Discourse, or the Company.

For Men to draw out their Scissors, or Pen knife to clip or pare their Nails, or pick their Teeth, or cleanse their Ears in Company, are Indecencies, not allowable in good Behaviour.

Some are so ridiculous as to pull out several Letters out of their Pockets, and first read one, then another, not forgetting so to order the Business, that others shall be sure to read the Superscriptions; as if they would have themselves thought either to be Men of Business, or to be mightily courted for their Merit.

Others, while they are Discoursing with their Friends, make scurvy Faces, or shrug their Shoulders while the other is talking, as if they heard with a Disgust. Others are continually striking you with their Hand or Staff, or jogging, or pushing you with their Elbows, and crying out ever and anon, Is not this true, Sir? Have I not hit it? What do ye think on't, Sir? As to Apparel, it best becomes all sort of People, when they appear in Publick, to be decently Clad in all Respects, according to his Age, and the Quality of his Condition, and the Custom of the Place where he lives. For they

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that otherwise do, seem to affect a singularity displeasing to most.

Some People there are, who take great delight to make the whole Company dance attendance upon them, for which they never leave troubling them with impertinent Apologies; so that when the Table is covered, and People are ready to sit down, they have always some extraordinary Business to dispatch. These are never contented unless they be lookt upon as the prime Persons, and in all Particulars preferred; they must sit uppermost, have the first Seat, the softest Bed, all must wait upon them, or the whole House shall be put out of Order.

Others are always Chafing and Brauling with their own Servants, whereby they shew the Imperiousness of their Nature, which would be domineering at a higher rate, were their Power equal to their Desire.

We are not to lay Men in the Ballance of our own strict apprehension, or prejudiced Fancy, and then undertake to tell how much they weigh, and what they are worth; but all must be allowed some Grains of Candour and kind Construction.

Therefore, 'tis a poor and low spirited trick, to accuse one that is not present to answer for himself, and an instance of no small Indiscretion; for if we cannot commend others, Prudence enjoins us to be silent, seeing we create a Jealousie in those that hear us, that we deal after the same rigid manner with them too: It being true, that he who sells his Brother's Credit at a low rate, makes the Market for another to buy his at the same rate.

When we are among our Fellow-Companions, whom we desire to please, we should not do any thing that favours of a domineering Spirit, and our Actions and Gestures ought to carry along with them

them manifest Tokens of Respect and Kindness : Therefore the Chiding, and much more the Chastising of Servants, as being an Exercise of Authority and Jurisdiction, is to be forbore before them to whom we bear Respect or Honour ; besides that, it molests Company, and interrupts Discourse. If you cannot help being vext and troubled, yet dissemble it while you are at Dinner, or otherwise in Company with Equals or Superiours ; for generally you invite them to be merry, not to partake of Austerities, that nothing concern them ; not forgetting this, that where you find one Person discomposed, you shall observe all the rest affected with it.

Neither does it become those that are Guests to be Rustical and Clownish, or inaccessible and reserved, but to demean themselves with an open and unrestrained Familiarity, as though they belonged to the same Dwelling : and therefore they are extremely to blame, that frown upon, and brow-beat all that approach them, and never vouchsafe them one gracious Smile, that are always full of contradictions, and will not endure harmless Jest, and innocent Mirth.

Much like these are they who addict themselves to Melancholy and Thoughtfulness, when they are in Company, and sit musing in a dull Posture with folded Arms, regardless of any thing propounded to them, though urged over and over, with more than usual Importunity.

Of the same stamp, are they who are of a Squeammy Temper, and take Exceptions upon every frivolous occasion ; which is a Humor only for women and the most pitiful sort of men to be guilty of.

In familiar Discourse, Men transgress either in the Matter, when it is either impertinent, profane, or false ; for no sober Auditours will give ear to such stuff.

Neith

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Neither is it proper at Meals to molest the Company with Philosophical Subtleties, and hot Disputes; for it shews a turbulent and unquiet Disposition, and is fitter for a School than a Dining-Room.

A man must also carefully abstain from mentioning those things, which are likely to put another out of Countenance, or to turn to their Disgrace or Disadvantage. It being a good Proverb, That a man must never speak of a Haker in his House, whose Father was hang'd.

Nor is it fitting to talk Lasciviously and Obscenely, to tickle the Fancy, and get into the Fancy of great Men.

But above all, Blasphemous and Atheistical Discourse is to be avoided. For 'tis dangerous to play with a flaming Sword, to run merrily upon a Cannon's mouth; but more dangerous to attempt the unthroning of the Almighty, and unpardonable to Droll away the hopes of future Bliss, and to adventure the losing of Heaven rather than an unprofitable Jest.

Nor does he that prates dishonourably of Sacred things, merit punishment, merely for being a Platonick Lover of Wickedness, but because he sheweth himself to be an ill bred Clown to boot, in regard his Language grates the Ears of all good Men, and forces them to break Society.

Never let the Irregularities and Vices of your own Life be the Subject of your Discourse; for men detest in others those Vices which they cherish in themselves.

No less unfit it is to talk of things which suit not with the Season, nor the Company: Among old Women to talk of Nuptials and Dancing; or of the Gaities of Court among Peasants and Plough-men, or to tell doleful Tragedies at a Wedding.

Nor

is it less indiscreet to be continually babbling in commendation of his Wife and Children. *Is not my Wife a lovely Woman? She has wit at Will in my Word. Did you ever see in all your Life prettier Boy than mine?*

No less troublesome are they, who are continually vexing the Company with the recitation of their Dreams; a sort of Nonsense, burthensome to the understanding Part of the World.

But far more intolerable than these are they who make it their business to forge untruths, and tell stories as well of themselves as others, merely because it pleases their humour; like those Detachments that carouse whole Flaggons, not to quench thirst, but out of an immoderate Love to the Liquor. Thus are some Persons so notoriously addicted to this unsociable Vice of Lying, that their friends are afraid to propound any Question to them, least they should give them the opportunity of speaking an Untruth.

These, of all the Company in the World, are the most useless, because they break the Bonds of Society, Belief, and consequently no profit can be made of their Discourse.

Let no Man innocently brag of his Nobility, his Honour, of his Wealth, or Wisdom, and as many do, rehearse their Pedigrees and Titles, nor enter into their Friends with long Stories of their Ancestors, for it is no Credit to be well Born, unless a Man be of a well Manner'd too; and he that has nothing but Extraction and Titles to set him forth, is no better than his Great Grand-Father's Tomb. Rentless Fortunes, if not well managed, are but Charges and Incumbrances; for Money is the Parent of all absurd Actions, betraying Men into several miscarriages, which they would not otherwise have the opportunity to commit.

H

No

Nor is a Man, on the other side, too much lessen his own Merit, nor to stoop to sordid Condescensions, by undervaluing himself beyond measure, and refusing those Honours and Commendations, which without all question are their due: This is no Vertue, but a Vice opposed to Humanity, the Defect, as Arrogancy in the Excess; for to reject a deserved Character, and to refuse Dignities out of a seeming lowliness of Mind, and Contempt of the World, and to endeavour privately to obtain them, is a peice of Falshood and arrogant Humility, not to be endured.

Though on the other side, not to esteem Glory and Honour, so universally Prized, and at so high a Value, is but to put a Contempt upon those who confer it, and to have an Opinion of a Man's self above all Mankind: And therefore, the most fair and prudent way is to walk in the midst, between the two Extremes, neither too superbly to boast of what we have, nor yet to speak too dwindlingly of our selves.

Again, There is another Fault among Men, when any Question is propounded to them, they cannot forbear fumbling with their Buttons, nor to suffer themselves to be overcome with an unreasonable Shamefacedness, so as to talk timorously and nestle to and frow, as if they were in pain; after all which, the Fit being over, they begin with a tedious Preface, and many impertinent Apologies for their want of Skill, and the weakness of their Judgment; by which they detain the Company, and delay the time with frivolous Preambles, which while they were making they might have solved the Doubt, or at least given their Sentiments of it in a quarter of the time.

But the most pernicious Abuse of the Tongue is Flattery; 'tis the Destruction of all the noble Designs

signs of Friendship and Conversation; 'tis the Treachery of Love, the tickling a Man into a Swoon, and hugging him to Death. Calumny in comparison of this, is a perfect Antidote; for he that flanders a Man gives him warning to stand upon his Guard, and to furnish himself with all Weapons and Instruments of Defence he can think of; but Flattery fills us with Wind and Corruption till we burst; he that reviles a Man perhaps may call him Fool; but he that flatters him does his endeavour to make him so. A Parasite is the veriest Slave alive, a perfect Votary to the Humour, and a Pander to the Lust of him whom he flatters: He has nothing he can properly call his own, since all his Faculties and Passions, his Appetites and Desires, his Words, Actions, Gestures, Behaviours, are entirely devoted to the Service, if not the Ruin of his pretended Idol.

In points of Ceremonies and Complements, we are first to have regard to the Country wherein we live; for that all Customs do not equally agree with the Constitution of every Nation, but as the Lineaments of the Face, and Conceptions of the Mind are various, so are their Manners and Deportments likewise.

In the next place, we must have regard to the Occasion, Age and Condition, both of him toward whom we exercise these Ceremonies, as also of our particular Selves.

When we meet with Men who are busied with pressing Affairs, we are not to detain them with frivolous Complements, but to break off with all speed, and only speak our Minds in dumb Signs. Neither are Mechanicks, nor Men of mean Rank to use either many, or very solemn Addresses to great Personages; such Persons expecting from such sort of People, Obedience rather than Formality.

In a few Words then, in relation to Ceremonies and Complements; a Man must Act like a Taylor in making Cloths; who Cuts and Pares away, and fits them to the Body, so that they are something too big, rather than too little, and yet not so wide or ill fashioned, as to fit like a Sack; if any Man be Fantastick, or Profuse in Ceremonies toward Superiours, every one will point at him for a vain Idle Fellow: Nay, perhaps he may be looked upon as a flattering Companion. On the other side, if he bellow them with a handsome distance upon Inferiours, he shall be stiled Humble and Courteous: If in Decent proper Time upon Equals, he shall be Esteemed a well bred Person. In short, he that Treats Men ingeniously, and Converses kindly with them, gets great Advantage at the rate of a trifling and easie Expence.

More particularly, It is not Gentile for a Man to fill his Discourse with the Misfortunes and sharp Censures of the Persons and Actions of other Men; seeing that no discreet Person can value the Acquaintance of him who is Uncharitable or Severe; because he may well believe such a Man will not spare to report the same things, or worse of him behind his Back.

Some have a perfidious Trick to ruin a Man by Commendations, and to praise in small things, that they may disparage successfully in greater.

Some have a Itch upon them to oppose almost every thing that is asserted, and an extraordinary Affection to dispute of difficult and unnecessary Arguments, without observing any difference of Season or Company; which is one of the most ridiculous Follies in the World. Nor is it any thing more commendable to lay Wagers upon every turn; for they frequently beget Quarrels, and

contribute nothing toward the Solution of the Doubt. But if a Man be invited by a fair Opportunity to a Dispute, let him be careful to manage his Discourse ingeniously, and to sweeten it with gentleness and Moderation; not setting upon the Opponent with an eager Appetite, as if you meant to eat him up at a Mouthful.

Neither let any Man be severe in Correcting the slight Faults of others, when they themselves are guilty of such as more deserve to be reproached.

Mock no Man, though he be your greatest Enemy; for it is possible you may wound him deeper with your Tongue, than if you should strike him with your Sword: And this infallibly demonstrates your contempt of him, for that when your Jear and put him to the Blush, you intend no profit, but pleasure by it; and it is hugely Immodest and Ignoble to delight in confounding another, and exposing him to Scorn and Laughter.

Not that Jestings and Drollery are too morose, and utterly to be Condemned, but only to be bounded within their due Limits; and therefore let no Man's Deformities or Imperfections, be the Subject of such Discourse.

Neither let any Man Droll upon the Persons or Practices of Superiours, as being both Saucy and Dangerous.

Neither let any Man make a Jest of Serious Matters, whether they be Civil or Divine.

In the next place, observe a distinction of Persons and Times, and other Circumstances; for some People are so Waspish, that they will not endure the softest Touch, and that will be taken well to day, which will be reputed a Scoff, and ill taken to Morrow.

It is uncivil, when a Man is discoursing with another, to fix his Eyes steadfastly upon him, as if he

ment to put him out of Countenance, and to trample upon his Modesty; and as ungenteel it is, when you sit at Table, to scratch any part of the Body.

When the Cloth is taken away, it is very unbecoming to pull a Case of Instruments out of a Man's Pocket, as if he were going to shew some Legerdemain Tricks.

Nor is it a point of good Manners by any Sign or Gesture, to express an extraordinary Satisfaction in the Meat and Drink; to wish you had a Crane's Neck, or to hold up the Glass, and view how briskly the Wine looks; or to sip and smack, and taste every drop; for such a Custom befits none but Vintners, Parasites and Epicures.

Nor is it commendable to urge the Guests to eat, in Language like this, *Come pray, the other Bit; Shall I help you? Lord! you have no Stomach, you eat nothing, you do not like your Entertainment.* For though this testifies your care of them, yet it is an Intrenchment upon their Liberty.

Nor is it convenient to be over-forward to carve for another, unless he be of an inferiour Rank, or sits at too great a Distance; to drink to others, and earnestly solícite them to pledge in larger Bowls, is an excessive piece of Rudeness.

The

The School of Bacchus ; or, The Art of Drinking ; taught by a most learned Method.

THE Eighth Liberal Science is called, *The Art of Drinking.*

The Professers thereof call a House where a green Garland, or perhaps a painted Hoop is hanged out, *A College.*

Where there is Lodging, Horse-meat, and Man's meat, *an Inns of Court.*

Where nothing is sold but Ale and Tobacco, *a Grammar School.*

A Red Lettice, *a Free School.*

The Degrees obtained in this School, are these :

A Fat corpulent Fellow, *A Master of Arts.*

A Lean Drunkard, *a Batcheler.*

He that has a purple Face, enchas'd with Rubies, *a Batcheler of Law.*

He that has a Red Nose, and goes to School by Six in the Morning, and gets his Lesson perfectly by Eleven, him they call a *Pregnant.*

Now if he Studies the English Tongue, he drinks _____ *Beer.*

If the Dutch, _____ *Ale.*

If the Spanish, _____ *Sack.*

If the Italian, _____ *Bastard.*

If the German, _____ *Rbenish.*

If the Irish, _____ *Usquebaugh.*

If the Welsh, _____ *Metheglin.*

If Latin, _____ *Alicant.*
 If Greek, _____ *Muscadel.*
 If Hebrew, _____ *Hyppocras*

The Books studied, are of 3 Old Translations:

The Tankard.
The Black-Jack.
The Quart-Pot Ribb'd.
 Those of the New Translation
The Mug,
The Beaker,
The single-Can, or Black-Pot.

The Professors of this Art employ themselves in these following Studies:

He that weeps in his Cups when he is maudling-
 Drunk, Studies _____ *Hydromancy.*
 He that Laughs and Talks much, studies Natural
 _____ *Philosophy.*
 He that gives good Counsel, _____ *Morality.*
 He that builds Castles in the Air, --- *Metaphysicks.*
 He that sings in his Drink, _____ *Musick.*
 He that disgorges his Stomach, _____ *Physick.*
 He that brags of his Travels, _____ *Cosmography.*
 He that Rimes *Extempore*, or speaks Play-Speech-
 es. _____ *Poetry.*
 He that cries Huzza-Boys, is a, _____ *Rhetorician.*
 He that calls his Fellow Drunkard, is a --- *Logician.*
 He that proves his Argument by a Pamphlet, or a
 Ballad, is a _____ *Grammarian.*
 He that rubs off his Score, with his Elbow, Hat,
 or Cloak, an _____ *Arithmetician.*
 He that knocks his Head against a Post, and looks
 up to the Sky, an _____ *Astrologer.*
 He that reels from one side of the Chancel to the
 other, a _____ *Geometrician.*
 He that falls into a Ditch or Chancel, a -- *Navigator.*
 He

He that loses himself in his discourse, a --- *Moorer.*

He that Brawls and Wrangles in his Cups, a
--- *Barister.*

He that loves to drink in hugger - Mugger, a
--- *Bencher.*

He that drinks to all comers, a --- *Young Student.*

He that drinks upon trull, a --- *Merchant Adventurer.*

He that has nothing but Complements in his Wine,
a --- *Civilian.*

He that drinks and forgets to whom is said to Study
the --- *Art of Memory.*

Places of Dignity usurp'd from other Courts.

He that puts his Friend into a Tavern by force, is
called a --- *Sergeant.*

He that Quarrels with his Hostess, and calls her
Whore, --- *Puts in his Declaration.*

He that is silent in his Cups, is said to --- *Demur.*
--- *(to the Plaintiff).*

He that engrosseth all the talk to himself, --- *Fore-*
--- *(Man of the Fury).*

He that with his loud Talk deaffens all the Com-
pany, --- *Cryer of the Court.*

He that takes upon him to pay the Reckoning,
--- *Pronounces Judgment.*

He that wants Money while the other pays, is
--- *Quiet by Proclamation.*

He that gives his Host a Bill of his Hand, is
--- *Saved by his Clergy.*

He that is so free, that he will pledge all Comes
--- *Attorney General.*

He that wears a Night-Cap, as having been Sick of
a Surfeit, --- *Sergeant of the Coif.*

He that is observed to be Drunk but once a Week.
--- *Ordinary Pursuivant.*

He that takes his Rouse freely but once a Month,
--- *Under-Sheriff.*

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He that healths it but once a quarter, — *Justice of*
_____ (*the Quorum.*

He that takes his Rouse but once a year, — *Judge*
_____ (*of the Court.*

They have also other Officers as well
Civil as Martial.

The Civil are thus reckoned.

He that is unruly in his Drink, swaggers, flings
Pots and Drawers down Stairs, and beats the
Fidler, is — *Major Demo, or Grand Steward*

He that cuts down Signs and Bushes, *Mr. Comptroller.*

He that can win the Favour of his Hostess Daugh-
ter, — *Principal Secretary.*

He that stands upon his strength, and begins new
Healths, — *Master of the Ceremonies.*

He that first begins new Frolicks, — *Master.*
_____ (*of the Noctities.*

He that wants Money, and Pawns his Cloak.
_____ (*Master of the Wardrobe.*

He that calls for Rashers, Oyters, and Anchovies,
or any sort of Diet — *Clark of the Kitchen.*

He that talks much, and speaks Nonsense, — *a Proctor.*

He that tells tedious and long Tales, — *a Register.*

He that takes the Talk out of another Man's Mouth
_____ *a Publick Notary.*

Their Martial Preferments.

He that drinks in his Boots and Spurs, — *Colonel*
_____ (*of a Regiment.*

He that drinks in his Silk-Stockings, and Garters.
_____ *Captain of a Foot-Company.*

He that flings pottle and quart down Stairs, — *Mar-*
_____ (*shal of the Field.*

He

He that calls first in the Company for a Looking-
 glafs, ————— *Camp-Master.*
 He that wafhes the Faggots by Piffing in the Chim-
 ney, ————— *Corporal of the Field.*
 He that Thunders in the Room. and beats the
 Drawer, ————— *Drum-Major.*
 He that looks Red, and colours in his Cups, ———
 ————— *Ensign Bearer.*
 He that thrufts himfelf into Company, and hangs
 upon others, ————— *Gentleman of the Pikes.*
 He that keeps Company, and has but two Pence
 to fpend, ————— *a Landfrefade.*
 He that Pockets up Gloves, Knives and Handker-
 chiefs, ————— *Sutler.*
 He that drinks Three days together without re-
 fpite, ————— *an old Soldier.*
 He that fwears and lies in his drink, ————— *an Intelligencer.*

Their Sea Employments.

He that Spews in his next Neighbour's Lap, --- *Ad-*
 ————— *miral of the Narrow-Seas.*
 He that Piffes under the Table ——— *Vice, Admira'.*
 He that is flaw'd before the reft, --- *Master of a Ship.*
 He that is fecond Drunk, - ——— *Master's-Mate.*
 He that flovenly spills his Liquor upon the Table,
 ————— *Snabber.*
 He that fteals his Liquor, *Pirate of the Narrow Seas.*
 He that is fuddenly taken with the Hiccough, ———
 ————— *Master Gunner.*
 He that is ftill Smoaking with a Pipe at his Nofe, - -
 ————— *Cook.*
 He that Belches, or Farts much, ——— *Trumpeter.*

Their feveral Hands.

He that learns Secretary, calls for *Six Shilling Beer.*
 He

He that desires to write a fair Roman, calls for
 _____ *Charnico.*

He that would practice Court-hand, _____ *Canary.*

He that would write Chaneery, calls for three
 Horns of _____ *Bragget.*

He that would be perfect in Chequer, begins with
 a draught of the Wool-Sack, _____ *Ale or Beer.*

He that cannot see the way out of the Library,
 must call for a Legible hand to read, which is a
 Cup of _____ *Sack.*

Their Penal Statutes, Forfeitures, and Writs.

NO Man ought to call a Good-fellow Drunkard:
 But if at any time he sees any defect in his
 Neighbour, he may without a Forfeit say, he is
 flaw'd, Fluster'd, Cup shot, Cut i'th' Leg or Back, he
 has seen the *French King*, he has swallowed a Hare
 or a Tavern-token, he has Whipt the Cat, he makes
 Indentures, he has bit his Grandam, he is bit by a
 Barn-Weefel, and the like.

For the Breach of which, issues out divers Writs.

The first is a _____ *Subjæna.*

The Second an _____ *Exigent.*

The third, if he be Peremptory, a _____ *Capias*

The Fourth, not to be avoided, a _____ *Fieri Facias.*

If the Liquor do not please, there goes out a
 _____ *Melius Inquirendum.*

Several other Offences and Writs.

He that presses into the Room without Leave,
 a _____ *Forcible Entry.*

If he be admitted, he then Pleads by a Writ cal-
 led, _____ *Libertate Probanda.*

If

If he go out of the Room, and pay not for what
 he called in, a _____ *Ne exeat Regno.*
 If he begins to stagger, two cups is an --- *Attachment.*
 If he chance to fall under the Table, a *Binding process*
 If he be droufie, and offer to Sleep in the Room,
 an _____ *Habeas Corpus.*
 If he be dead drunk, a _____ *Capias Utlagatum.*
 If any cease to Drink, and falls to Whisper, a
 _____ *Writ of Conspiracy.*
 If any unruly Drunkard chance to be Kickt out of
 the Room, an _____ *Excommunicatio Capienda.*
 If he be suffered to stay with good Leave, --- *Dedi*
 _____ *(mus Potestatem*
 If any one hides his Head for the Reckoning, a
 _____ *Latitat.*
 If a Man sit till he be fetch'd home by his Wife,
 a _____ *Quo Warranto,*
 If he drink from Morning till Sun-set, a --- *Diem*
 _____ *(Clausit Extremum.*

Titles proper for the Young Scholars.

He that makes himself a Laughing-stock to the
 whole Company, _____ *Tenant in fee-simple.*
 He that will bezzel his Hostess behind the Door,
 _____ *Tenant in Tail Special*
 He that Kisses all comers in, - *Tenant in Tail General*
 He that is three parts Fox'd, and will be Kissing,
 _____ *Tenant in Tail after possibility of issue Extinct.*
 He that is permitted to take a Nap, ---- *Tenant by*
 _____ *(the courtesie of England,*
 If two or three Women meet Twice or Thrice a
 Week to take a Gossips-Cup, they are - *Tenants*
 _____ *(in Dowre.*
 He that has the disposing of a Donative among
 the Society! _____ *Tenant in Frank Almonage.*
 He

He whose head is heavier than his Heels, holds
 _____ *in Capite.*

He whose Heels are heavier than his Head, holds
 _____ *in Soccage.*

All Gentlemen, Drunkards, Scholars and Soldiers,
 holds, _____ *in Knights Service.*

He that drinks nothing but Sack and Aqua-vitæ,
 holds by _____ *Grand Serjeantry*

He that drinks uncovered — *Tenders his Homage.*

He that humbles himself to drink on his Knee;
 holds by _____ *Does his Fealty.*

He that drinks only Ale and Beer, holds by
 _____ *Petit Serjeantry.*

He that haunts Taverns or Ale-houses, when he
 first comes of Age — *Pays his Relief.*

He that has sold and Mortgaged all his Land
 _____ *Sues for his Legacy.*

He whose Wife goes with him to the Ale-house,
 is _____ *a Free-holder.*

He that Articles with his Hostess about the Reck-
 oning — _____ *a Copy-holder.*

He whose wife uses to fetch him home *Tenant at will.*

He that supports himself by a Wall or Post, holds
 by the _____ *Verge.*

Customs to be observed.

Not to drink to any Man while a Woman is in
 presence.

Not to drink to the Drawer or Tapster, upon
 pain of drinking twice.

To keep the first Man, and know to whom you
 Drink.

To have a care you see your self Pledged.

That you see the Health go round.

At a Parliament of Women, held at the Fleece in Covent-Garden, in the Year 6665; being a Year Famous for many Strange Transactions, and among the rest, for the Statutes following.

Imprimis. **T**Hat he who has no other Worth to commend him, but a good Suit of Cloths, shall not presume to Wooe a Lady in his own behalf, but shall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphick of his Friend's Affection.

Item. That no foul-fac'd Lady shall adventure to Rail at her that is fairer, because she is more Beautiful; nor shall seek by black Calumniation to darken her Fame, unless she be her Corrival.

Item. That no Man shall entitle himself to the marchless Name of a Friend, that Loves upon Condition, unless he be a School-Master.

Item. That no Lady who modestly keeps her House, for want of good Cloths to Visit her Gos-sips, shall profess Contempt of the World's Vanity, unless she sees no hopes of the Tyde's turning.

Item. That no Bankrupt Knight, who to set up Shop again becomes a Parasite, or Buffoon, to a great Lord, shall never after swear by his honour, but by his Knight-hood he may.

Item.

Item, That no Lady that uses to Paint, shall find fault with the Painter, that has not Counterfeited her Picture fair enough, unless she will acknowledge her self to be the better Counterfeiter.

Item. That no Man, whose vain Love has been rejected by a Vertuous Lady, shall report that he has refused and cast her off, unless he will patiently endure to be well Cudgelled for his pains.

Item, That no Lady shall Court her Looking-Glass, above one hour in a Day, unless she profess to be an Engineer.

Item. That all Maids, that are over-enamoured of themselves, and think others so too, shall be bound to carry off Bird-lime at their Backs, and to Spin at the Barn door to catch Fools.

Item, That he that Swears when he loses his Money at Dice, shall challenge his Damnation by way of Purchase.

Item, That no Lady that sits simpering for want of Wit, shall be accounted Modest

Item, That no Fellow, that begins a Discourse with a Woman, and wants Wit to Encounter her, shall think he has redeemed his Credit, by putting her to Silence with some Lascivious Discourse, unless he wear White for Winter, and Green for Summer.

Item, That no Woman that remains Constant for want of Assault, shall be accounted Chaste.

Item, That she that respects the good Opinion of others, beyond the being good in herself, shall not refuse the Name of a Hypocrite; and she that employs all her time in Working gaudy Trappings for her self, the Name of a Spider; and she that makes it her only Enquiry among her Gossips, for new Fashions, shall not refuse a Stitcher for her second Husband.

Item

Item, He that has reported a Lady to be Vertuous, for which he professes to love her, yet underhand commences a base Suit, and is disdained, shall not presently upon this Blow; which his own Vice has given, out of Policy rail against her; but to his Friend in private he may say, That his Judgment was blinded by her cunning Disguise, and that he finds her wavering in Goodness, and so in time he may openly profess to be her Enemy, but yet so discreet a one as if he were loth to bring his Judgment into Question; giving out withal, That he would not say so much of the Lady, but that he prefers Truth, even out of his own reach.

Paradoxes.

A Knight of the Long Robe, is more Honourable than a Knight made in the Field: For Furs are dearer than Spurs.

A Prisoner is the best Fencer: For he always lies at the close Ward.

Burghermasters and Sheriffs ought not to wear Fur-Gowns at Midsummer: For they may bring in the Sweating-Sickness.

A Cut-Purse is the surest Trade: For his Work is no sooner done, but his Money is in his Hand.

'Tis better to Marry a Widow than a Maid: For the Case is plain.

If a Woman with Child long to lie with another Man, her Husband must let her: For if he will not, she will do it without him.

A painted Lady befits a Captain: For he may fight under his Wive's Colours.

Rich Widows were ordained for Younger Brothers: For they being Born to no Land, must Plough in other Men's Soils.

'Tis

'Tis dangerous to marry a Widow, because she is one that has cast her Rider.

She that marries a Man of Fourſcore, need not fear but that ſhe may abſtain from Fleſh twice a Week.

A dangerous Secret is moſt ſafely kept in a Woman's Boſom; for no Man will ſearch for it there.

A Woman that ſpeaks ſeveral Languages. is an admirable thing; for a Starling that can prate, is a Preſent for a King.

A fair Woman's Neck ſhould always ſtand awry; for ſo ſhe ſtands as if ſhe lookt for a Kiſs,

The beſt and neateſt Bodies ſhould wear the meaneſt Habits; for gaudy Hangings were made to hide bare Walls.

'Tis more ſafe to be Drunk with the Hop, than with the Grape; for a Man ought to be more inward with his Country-men, than with a Stranger.

Taverns are more requiſite than Schools; for it is better the Multitude ſhould be Loving than Learned.

Wealth is better than Wit; for few Poets have had the Fortune to be choſen Aldermen.

A nimble Page is more uſeful for a Lady than a long Gentleman-Uſher; for a Sparrow is more Active than a bald Buzzard.

'Tis better to be a Coward than a Captain; for a Goole lives longer than a Captain.

Several

*Several Sorts of News from several
Parts.*

From Bedlam.

THat the madness of Love is to be sick of one part, and to be cured by another. The madness of Jealousie is, that it is so diligent, yet always hopes to lose its labour. That every Man a little beyond himself, is a Fool. That Affectation is a more ridiculous part of Folly than Affection. That the Souls of Women and Lovers are wrapt in the Portmanteau of their Senses.

From the Country.

THat the means of begetting Man has more increased the World than the End. That a Justice of the Peace is the only Relick of Idolatry. That next to no Wife and Children, your own are the best Pastime: Another's Wife and your Children worse: Your Wife and another's Children worst of all.

From Sea.

THat it is nothing so Intricate and Troublesome to Rig a Ship as a Woman, and the deeper either are fraught, the apter they are to leak; and that to Pump the one, and put the other to Confession, are alike equally noisome. They tell us farther, That Expedition is every where else to be brib'd but at Sea,

From

From the Island of Passion.

A Ship arriving from the Port of *Good-hope*, brings Tidings, that the People were up in Arms in the City of Love, the Metropolitan of the Island; and that after they had made themselves Masters of the Citadel, of *Reason*, the Fortifications and Magazines of which they had Burnt, they had constrained the Governour *Discretion* to retire to the Tower of *Jealousie*. Farther, That the Women, in imitation of their Husbands, having taken Arms in like manner, and having Besieged the Governour in his Forr, had forced him to Surrender upon Composition, and consent not only to Demolish the Tower, but also that the Fortrefs of *Vertue*, an Ancient Building, situated upon a Rock, should likewise be pulled down, to the end they might Build another after their own Model, upon a Level.

From the City of Beauty, the 18th of the Month Obligation.

THE Parliament sate down the Third of this Month, at what time Monsieur *Tittle-Tattle*, the Speaker, made a Speech, filled with Verses and fine Thoughts. The *Sieur Allurement* returned him an Answer with that softness, with which he was very well satisfied: And promised him, that the City should furnish him with a Million and half of Glances for the War against the *Rellians* Hearts, and should moreover raise a Regiment of Charms for the service of *Love*.

'Tis believed, that before the Estates rise, that Monsieur *Tittle-Tattle* will settle an Office of *Billet-Deux*

Doux, a Tax of a Thousand Kisses a Day, for a Thousand Lips that he intends for the Garrison.

From the Country of the Great Duke. the 14th. of the Month of Absence

They report, That this Country is very much Alarmed upon the March of General *Interest*, who Advances forward with an Army of Forty Thousand *Transports* in Disguise, and a great Number of Engines and Fire-works. Love that follows with a great Body of *Forced Desires*, has emptied his Garrisons of *Obligations* and *Affiduities*, which he had in the Cities of the Province of *Fair Cheeks* and *Merit*. Having abandoned them to the *Infi-*
dels, who have made themselves Masters of them, who after they had Plundered them, were marched towards *Great Downy*, intending to lay Siege as well to that as the first of *Interest*, both at a time.

From the Camp before Cruelty, the 9th. of the Month Despair.

The Besieged made a Sally with above a Hundred Provoked *Looks*; the Fourteenth at Night, beat down all the Enemies Works, killed Three hundred Soldiers of the Regiment of *Zeal*, and Nailed two great Pieces of Cannon, called *Sobs*. But the next Night the two Colonels, *Noble-Air* and *Fair-Play*, Mounting the Guard, vigorously Assaulted the Half-Moon of *Rigour*, which defended the Gate, where they Defeated and Beat into the City all the *Disdains* that Defended it, while it was at the same time played upon, by eight Cannons that carried each their Six Pound Balls of Silver. They made a great Breach, and forced the City to Capitulate: whereupon the Master of the
Camp

Camp Good-gift, and Handsom-Present, the Super-Intendent, were appointed to treat upon the Articles of Surrender.

From the Republic of Rejoycing, the 18th of the Month Delight.

THE Senate being set some days since, ordered the Demolishing the Tower of Shame, which defended the City, and which the Princess Modesty had formerly caused there to be built. They also made Aid, by which that Princess was commanded to retire out of the Territories of the Republick, in Twenty four hours, upon pain of letting loose the Populacy of Wanton Embraces, and Lascivious Toyings upon her. The Senate also published an Edict, That the Inhabitants, Enjoyments and Caresses, should prepare for the Reception of General Good-Companion, who had appointed to make his Entry the next Friday about Sun-set.

From the Castle of Counterfeit Devotion, the 6th of the Month Hypocrisie.

THE Marquess Fear and Trembling blocked up the Castle some Days since, not daring to approach nearer for fear of the Mines, of which there are a great number to guard all the Avenues to the Fort. He sent Colonel-Crusty-Knave to view the Fortifications and Countenance of the Enemy; who returned with two Braggadocio's, Captains of the place, whom he had taken Prisoners, who reported that the Castle was in great want of Provisions, and especially of Cannon and Musquet-Bullet, and that the Soldiers and Cannoniers had Orders to make a great noise, and fire often, only to terrifie

the Camp, and to give false Alarms to the same purpose. They also gave Intelligence, That there was but one false Sally port belonging to the place called *Counterfeit Innocence*, through which the Besieged pretended to make their chiefest Sallies; and that if he had a mind to carry the place he need do no more than enter silently in the Night-time with his Forces. Upon this Intelligence, the Marquess *Fear and Trembling* drew out of the Regiment of *Secrecy and Silence*, a small Party, with Orders by a By-way to Attack the Fort called *Sugar-Words*, and so to carry the Place by *Counterfeit Innocence*, which was done with very good Success. The Marquess being entred the Castle, found a great number of great Guns of painted Wood, mounted upon the Walls. and a great number of Paper Engines to scare the Timorous.

From the Fortress of Scorn, the 12th of the Month of Indifferency.

FOUR thousand *Respects*, with some Pioneers, called *Articles*, under the Command of Count *Matrimony*, being posted upon a rising Ground over against the Fortress of *Scorn*, with an intent to Attack the Place, fired a great number of great Guns, and among the rest several *Culverines*, called *Rebuffs*; which forced the Count to retire after he had received a great Defeat, and lost in the Skirmish two of his Captains, *Good-Design*, and *Good Earnest*, who were killed in the Attack: But some Days after the Duke of Noble Family, coming to his Relief, and having found a way to hold Correspondence with a Lady of Honour, attending the Governour Monsieur *Ambition*, commanded Captain *Great Quality* to be ready to give the Onset upon the first Signal, which was a great Fire that was

to appear in the heart of the Place. Which Captain *Quality* observing, so furiously attacked the Gate called *Good Opinion*, that he presently won it; by which means, giving Entrance to the rest of the Besiegers, the Fortrefs was taken by assault, and pillaged. This Misfortune constrained *Scorn*, desirous to repair her Losses, to send a way Commissioners to Count *Marriage*, to pray him to come and take Possession of the place, of which she offered to make him Master; but the Count dismissed them, without so much as giving them Audience.

*From the Kingdom of Gallantry the 30th
of the Month Little-Care.*

THE States of the Kingdom have ordered great Levies to Recruit the Garisons of the Frontier Cities, more especially those of *Ball* and *Comedy*, to repress the IncurSIONS of certain savage People, called *Hypocrites* and *Dissemblers*, who are wont sometimes to rage in that Kingdom, and to lay it waste. The Count *Carneval* or *Masquerade*, was made Captain-general, and has already dispatched Commissions to the Barons of *Hoboys* and *Violins*, to levy Forces that are to march with all speed to the City of *Grand-Ball*, which is to be the general Rendezvous. In the mean time Count *Masquerade* has sent out several Scouts and Avant-Couriers to beat the Road, and get Intelligence of the March of the *Barbarians*, who being advanced as far as a River called *Coranto*, which runs by the City of *Grand-Ball*, were there repulsed by the Baron of *Violins*, and they understand by some Prisoners taken, that those People will return very suddenly again, commanded by a formidable Captain, called *Don Lent*, who threatens the utter Subversion of the City.



Beggars and Gypsies In their postures true

Pleasant RIDDLES for Merry Company.

Q 1. **T**EN Teeth, and ne'er a Tongue, it is
Sport for Old and Young : I pull'd it
out of my yellow Fleece, and tickled it well on
the Belly-piece ?

A. *It is a Violin.*

Q 2. As I went in the Street at Eight a Clock
at Night, I look'd in at a little hole and saw a
pretty sight : I saw a Gentlewoman trimming her
Attire, and she was prettily occupied a little be-
yond the Fire : I looked in at a little hole, as lit-
tle as I could see, I saw a thing go up and down
a little above her Knee ?

A. *It is a Woman sewing.*

Q 3. On yonder Hill there stands a Knight,
Booted and Spurr'd, and set upright : Gray-grissled
his Horse, black is his Saddle : Now I have told
you his Name thrice, what is his Name say you ?

A. *The Man's Name is His.*

Q 4. I am called by the Name of a Man, yet
am as little as a Mouse, when Winter comes I love
to be with my red Target near the House ?

A. *A Robin Red breast.*

Q 5. I saw a Fight the other Day, a Damsel did
begin the Fray ; she with a daily Friend did meet,
then standing in the open Street ; she gave such
hard and sturdy Blows, he bled ten Gallons at the

Nose ;

lose; yet neither seemed to faint nor fall, nor
give her any abuse at all?

A. *A Pump.*

Q 6. A Beggar once exceeding poor, a Penny
say'd me give him, and deeply vow'd he'd ne'er
ask more, and I ne'er more to give him. Next
Day he begg'd again, I gave; yet both of us our
Oaths did save?

A. *He gave him but a Penny.*

Q 7. I went, and I went, I cannot tell whi-
ther; I met, and I met I cannot tell who; I had
Gift given me I shall never forgo, and yet I came
true Maid home?

A. *It is a Child went to be Christned.*

Q 8. A Water there is I must pass, a broader
Water never was, and yet of all Waters I ever see,
to pass over is less jeopardy?

A. *It is Dew.*

Q 9. There was a Woman at a Well scowring
of her Coal-black, there was a Man at the Fen
wagging of his Wig-wag; she wish'd his Wig-
wag was in her Coal-black?

A. *It was a Man a Fishing, and a Woman at the
Well scouring her Kettle, desiring his Fish were in
her Coal-black.*

Q 10. I have a Chapel all in Green, Forty
Soldiers be therein, and every Soldier cloathed in
White, I'll give you a Groat and tell me it right?

A. *It is a Pumpkin.*

Q 11. When in the Maid's or Good Wife's hand
the Gallant first had Grace to stand, whence to a
hole they him apply, where he will both live and
die?

A. *A Candle.*

Q 12. As I sate on a Bed, I put in a Pin, I
gave a jog with my Arse, and all slipt in?

A. *It was a Woman setting of Herbs.*

Q. 13. Four and twenty white Bulls sate upon a Stall, forth came the red Bull & overlick'd them all.

A. *It is ones Tongue and Teeth.*

Q. 14. What is that which is rough within, and red without, and bristled like a Bear's Snout; there is never a Lady in the Land, but will be content to take it in her Hand?

A. *It is an Eglantine Berry, which is rough within, and red without, and hath Bristles on the top.*

Q. 15. As I was walking late at Night I through the Window chanc'd to spy a Gallant with his Heart's delight; he knew not that I was so nigh; he kiss'd her, and close did sit to little pretty wanton Gill, until he did her favour get, and likewise did obtain his Will?

A. *A Young Man in a Tavern, drinking a Gill of Sack to chear up his Spirits, which by drinking thus, obtain'd his will.*

Q. 16. A pretty thing as I suppose, a pretty thing without a Nose; it hath a Beard, and hath no Chin, and I can put two handfuls in?

A. *It is a Muff.*

Q. 17. I have a Knack above my Knee, long it is, and deep it is, and in the midst a hole there is: Forth came a young Man, and put in a thing two handfuls long?

A. *It was a Maid that had a Sheath, and a young Man put a Knife into it.*

Q. 18. I went to the Wood and I got it, I sate me down and sought it, and I kept it still against my will, and so by force home I brought it?

A. *It was a Man had a Thorn in his Foot, and he sate down to look it, and he could not find it by no means.*

Q. 19. There is a Tree made for the nonce, it bears pretty Fruit, with prickly Stones; they yield moisture pure and thick, it seldom makes a Lady sick: Most Maids and fair the same doth pull,

'EIS.

round, 'tis plump, 'tis hard, 'tis full; put them
and suck, and then they stay, and cast the empty
in away: So that which was both round and
plump, and hard, is quickly limber, spoil'd & marr'd?

A. It is a Gooseberry-bush bearing Fruit.

Q. 20. As I went to the Wood spinning, spin-
ning, I had a thing in my hand garning, garning:
forth came the Wood-cock and put in his Bill, then
clapt to my Legs and held it still; hoop, Dame, set
in the Pot, my thing hath got a jolly Wood-cock?

*A. It is a Buck that had clapt his Horns into a
bush, and could not get them out again.*

Q. 21. Unto the Exchange I went, some Knacks
there for to buy; within a Cloyster there was pent
Monster certainly: Feet and Hands it had full
sight; four Eyes clear of sight; four Ears where-
by to hear, and two Bodies exceeding clear?

A. It was an Exchange Woman big with Child.

Q. 22. Beyond the Sea there is an Oak, and in
that Oak there is a Nest, and in that Nest there is
an Egg, and in that Egg there is a Yolk which calls
together Christian Folk?

*A. The Oak is the Church, the Nest is the Belfrey,
the Egg is the Bell, and the Yolk is the Clapper.*

Q. 23. There were two Fathers a hunting went,
and also two Sons for the same intent; they
caught Conies in all but three, yet every one had
one, how may this be?

*A. One of the Sons had a Son, thus is he Father,
and standeth both for the Father and Son.*

Q. 24. There was a King met a King in a nar-
row Lane, said the King to the King, Where hast
thou Bin? I have Bin in the Wood hunting the
Doe, I prithee lend me thy Dog, I may do so &
call him to thee, and tell me his Name, I count him
a wise Man that tells me the same?

A. The Dog's Name was Bin.

Q. 25. Stiff standing in a Bed, first White and then Red, the fairest Lady in the Land might be seen to take it in her hand, and put it in her hole before?

A. *It was a Strawberry.*

Q. 26. As I went over *Hetery Tostery*, I look'd in- to *Harbora Lilly*, I spied a Cutterel playing with her Cambril; I cried, Ho, Neighbour, Ho, lend me your Cue, and your Goe, to shoot at yonder Cutterel, playing with her Cambril, and you shall have the Curl of her Loë?

A. *It was a Man called to his Neighbour, for a Gun to shoot a Deer, and he should have her Humbles.*

Q. 27. There was a Bird of great renown, useful in City and in Town, none work like unto him can do; he's Yellow, Black, Red and Green, a very pretty Bird I ween, yet he is both fierce and fell; I count him wise that can this tell?

A. *The painful Bee.*

Q. 28. There was a Maid, and she was sick, and all her mind was for a Prick: a Prick she had, and in it went, which gave this fair Maid good content.

A. *It was a Maid that was Sick, and fain to be let Blood.*

Q. 29. The good Wife sate at the Door, and sick she was, the good Man came down the Town, and thus it was: He up with his slip-slap, and hit her in the Water-gap, and well she was.

A. *It was a Woman had got a Mote on her Eye, and her Husband lick'd it out.*

Q. 30. In thickest Woods I hunt with Beagles ten after the Chase, which when I do descry, I dispossess me of not useful then, and what I take not only that keep I.

A. *One scratching his Head with both his Hands.*

FINIS. 